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THE

MIDSUMMER MEDLEY.

A SERIES OF

COMIC TALES,
SKETCHES, AND FUGITIVE VAGARIES.

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BRAMBLETYE HOUSE,'
ETC. ETC.

'It is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.' DRYDEN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
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PREFACE.

CRITICS are constantly telling us to look at the external world—to hold the mirror up to Nature. We have done so—and lo! she reflects us back a Midsummer Medley, of mingled weeds and wild flowers, whispering to us from yonder tuft of Heartsease that light reading is the most appropriate for light days; that the holiday season should be kept, not only in our schools, but in our fancies, by a temporary relaxation from our graver literature; that a little playfulness and frivolity, varied occasionally by a more

serious tone, may not be altogether unseasonable; and that at all events the humblest writer, trifling and perhaps idling under the influence of a Midsummer-day, ought not to have less latitude allowed him than was assumed by the immortal author of a Midsummer Night's Dream, when he compounded together in the same drama the wild vagaries of Oberon, Titania, and Robin Goodfellow, with the farcical exploits of Bottom the Weaver and his companions, sapiently puzzling themselves how they should enact the parts of Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pleasant and light-hearted Reader! if, when all nature is laughing around thee, thou dost not object to smile at trifles, and art duly impressed with the wisdom of sometimes ceasing to be wise, we invite thee to a perusal of our Medley, promising thee a similar offering next Midsummer, should the present

be deemed worthy the patronage of what we shall in that case most cordially term a *discerning* Public. It is our aim to tickle the fancy rather than the eye;—to the splendour and the embellishments of an Annual we make not therefore the smallest pretension; but we have endeavoured to rival the variety of matter usually found in such works, so far as that object can be attained by a single pen.

We have only to state, in conclusion, that our Publishers, influenced doubtless by the postponement of the Midsummer weather till the latter end of July, have very naturally selected the same period for the appearance of THE MIDSUMMER MEDLEY.

*** A few of the Papers have already appeared in the New Monthly Magazine.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
The Hurricane and the Menace	1
The Italian Image-Boy	12
The Pleasant Tête-à-tête	27
The Legend of Saint Basil	31
Song	66
Flavius and Julia Donna	68
A Tour to the Lakes	101
Hints to the Young Novel Writer	115
The Sanctuary	214
Hatem Tai, an Arabian Tale	218
An Easy Remedy	233
Mark Higginbotham	235

THE

MIDSUMMER MEDLEY.

THE HURRICANE AND THE MENACE.

I.

VERDANT St. Kitt's! thou art indeed a gem,
"A precious stone set in the silver sea,"
An emerald in Neptune's diadem,
An island formed in Nature's poetry,
And yet thou art unsung by son or stranger,
Save a few passing lines by Dr. Grainger.*

II.

The Vale of Tempè—Plato's fabled isle,
Hesperian gardens, Enna's classic plain,
All, all must yield to that Arcadian smile,
That thou, in thy unparagon'd domain,
Palmy St. Christopher's, the sweetest, fairest
Of earthly Paradises, ever wearest.

* In his poem of the Sugar Cane.

III.

Wild and romantic are thy breezy mountains,
Forth from whose sides, with cane plantations clad,
Leap here and there perennial rills and fountains,
Making the landscape all so green and glad,
That nymphs and sylvans through thy bowers might ramble,
And Nereids in thy glassy waters gambol.

IV.

Alas! this loveliness is all in vain!
Man has annull'd what lavish Nature gave,
For Slavery's demoralizing reign
Degrades alike the master and the slave,
And black and white to kindred baseness levels,
Peopling this Paradise with piebald devils.

V.

Never could I that peace and comfort find,
That pride and pleasure in their sad condition
Which to the hopeless Negroes are assign'd
By those who stigmatise their manumission,
And swear they positively long and languish
For endless thraldom, whipping, toil, and anguish.

VI.

Sometimes I 've mark'd a reckless scorn of care,
The drunken freak of misery's excess,—
A short-lived transport borrow'd from despair,
Like that hysteric laughter of distress
Which springs from mental agony's impulsion,
And ends at last in struggle and convulsion.

VII.

Contentment with his lot I ne'er could trace
In any Negro, save a single soul,
And he, poor fellow,—which explains the case,—
Was a good-humour'd, grinning, brainless droll,
Whose nickname, Silly Bingo, presupposes
That he was not a Solomon nor Moses.

VIII.

Bingo, whose fortune never made him grumble,
The banshaw ('tis a rude guitar) could twang,
And after work was fain to sing, dance, tumble,
As the meer butt of every Negro gang;
And yet this seeming simple-witted donkey
In pilfering was subtle as a monkey.

IX.

One Mr. Jackson was the overseer
Of the estate where Bingo was employ'd;
Nor could St. Christopher's produce his peer,
For he was honest to the Planter, void
Of all oppression, hated whips, loved pardons,
And had a taste for rural shades and gardens!

X.

Palm Villa, his abode, was sweetly placed
Between the sloping mountains and the ocean;
An avenue of noble palm-trees graced
Its front; while, singing to its own commotion,
A stream throughout the shady grounds meander'd,
Diffusing coolness wheresoe'er it wander'd.

XI.

The mansion's rear was shaded by a screen
Of lofty tamarinds and cassias sweet;
On either side were fragrant gardens seen,
Where melons, sabbacas, and citrons meet,
Limes, lemons, guavas, sappadillos mellow,
The green anana, and the shaddock yellow.

XII.

Hence, when refreshen'd by the moist Aurora,
Incense and balm were wafted all around,
And in all seasons unexhausted Flora
Broider'd with richest tapestry the ground;
While the gilt-humming bird and cooing turtle
Perch'd on each hedge of acassee and myrtle.

XIII.

Nature, however, loves to strike a balance,
And he who once has known the venom'd bite
Of fierce mosquitos, felt the land-crab's talons,
Or found cockroaches in his bed at night,
Knows to his sorrow that the land they breed in
Is not by any means a curseless Eden.

XIV.

Here in an arbour had I found a seat
Of privet with carnation shrubs entwined,
Yielding a fragrant shelter from the heat,
And persecuting flies of every kind,
When divers simultaneous signs accruing,
Proved that an elemental war was brewing.

XV.

The warn'd mosquitos left the sunny light,
The speckled lizards to their holes withdrew,
Cockroaches crawl'd abroad, a loathsome sight,
And land-crabs crept from every slope in view,
While doves and pigeons, on the roofs collected,
Up to the sky their anxious looks directed.

XVI.

A suffocating heat oppress'd the air,
Still were the lightest feathers of the palm,
The sky was coppery, and a blood-red glare
Shot from the misty sun;—portentous calm!
When Nature's self appears to faint and sicken,
And wail her doom, aghast and horror-stricken.

XVII.

The fear-fraught waves came panting to the shore,
Usher'd by flocks of scared and screaming birds;
While, as they wildly eyed the pole, a roar
Loud-bellowing burst from th' assembled herds;
And the mazed horse, with sudden fear transported,
Snuffing the tainted air, stood still and snorted.

XVIII.

To covert fled the Negroes, 'mid the cry
Of wailing dogs, at which absorbing hour
Did silly Bingo, judging none would spy
His depredations, steal upon my bower,
Thinking no doubt that he had found a famous
Season for plund'ring the contiguous yam-house.

XIX.

The dog that guarded it had lately died,—
Poison'd perhaps, though that was not in proof;—
But still the black, with much misgiving eyed
The precincts, keeping carefully aloof,
Then crouching on as stealthily as Reynard,
When he is stealing to attack a hen-yard.

XX.

Reaching the place, he filled his bag, and back
The rogue retreated with his shoulder'd prize,
Peering with fearful joy around his track,
Showing his teeth, and rolling his large eyes,—
Just like some great baboon who, undiscover'd,
Steals with his plunder to the nearest covert.

XXI.

The bag within a tangled brake he dropp'd,
Then back to his companions would have fled;
But suddenly, as if transfixed, he stopp'd,
Scared by the skies, so menacing and dread;
For now a lowering hurricane impended,
That woe and horror to the isle portended.

XXII.

Up from the westward heaves a mass of clouds,
Climbing successively the mountain tips,
Which rapidly the whole horizon shrouds
In lurid gloom, and fulgurous eclipse;
While the dark ridges, as they take position,
Seem batteries for the island's demolition.

XXIII.

Crash! burst the whole artillery of thunder,
Concentrating its force in one explosion,
As it would rive the rooted earth asunder,
Split the sky's vault, and overturn the ocean;
Fierce leap'd the lightning forth, as if with savage
Triumph it came, the world to blast and ravage.

XXIV.

The prison'd winds break loose, like Furies dire,
Rattling their chains, and roaring all amain;
Heaven's flood-gates open, water leagues with fire;
It might be thought the frantic hurricane,
As in its fangs the shrieking isle it seizes,
Would shake and tear it in ten thousand pieces.

XXV.

All is confusion, terror, havoc, flight—
Plantations, houses, to the ground are hurl'd,
The welkin yells with tumult and affright;
Huts, canes, and shrubs, aloft in air are twirl'd;
And cattle, madden'd with dismay and wonder,
Wildly rebellow to the roaring thunder.

XXVI.

The stream that lately held its gentle course,
Swoln to a torrent, devastates the plain,
Seizing and sweeping with resistless force
Men, trees, and oxen to the turbid main,
Whose shores are strew'd with vessels wreck'd and broken,
Of the storm's ravages a dismal token.

XXVII.

Tost in the raging waves, mine eye explored
One lab'ring ship, whose terror-stricken crew
Had cut away her masts, and overboard
Into the yawning deep her cargo threw;
Though still the sea did but the fiercer wrestle,
To swallow up the doom'd and shatter'd vessel.

XXVIII.

Meantime, my looks I did not long withdraw
From silly Bingo, the purloining black,
Whose face depictured, as he heard and saw
The dire destruction and the thunder-crack,
A rapid change and struggle of sensations,
Emblazon'd by the flashing corruscations.

XXIX.

Thinking at first that Jackson had let fly
This hurricane the robber to disquiet,
He seem'd indignant, and I heard him cry
"Gog! here 's a hurly-burly and a riot,
About a bag o' yams, not more dan twenty!—
Why for you grumble, Massa? You got plenty."

XXX.

But when the sulph'rous bolt above his head
Shiver'd the cedar tree 'neath which he stood,
Terror possess'd him, and he humbly said,
With eyes upturn'd in supplicating mood,
"Please, Massa Cloud, no more make such a clatter!
Bingo gib back de yams,—dat ends de matter."

XXXI.

Off to the brake reluctantly he stole,
The plunder'd bag upon his shoulders took,
Crept to the storehouse, and replaced the whole,
Returning past me with the scowling look
Of hungry beasts, when they have been molested,
And had their booty from their clutches wiested.

XXXII.

Clenching his fist as he the house drew near,
This parting menace he pronounced aloud:
"Now you remember, Massa Oberseer,
Next time you send a great, black, nassy cloud,
Out of his wits to frighten silly Bingo,
I'll throw a stone at it,—I will, by Jingo!"

THE ITALIAN IMAGE-BOY.

If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed,—descend
To take you by the hand : but then you 'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

WINTER'S TALE.

YONDER black-eyed, sun-burnt urchin is too diminutive to be Atlas carrying the heavens on his shoulders; but I am strongly tempted to suspect that it is his youngest son, who, in imitation of his father's orbiferous exploit, has popped Mount Olympus upon his head, and walked fairly off with it. The rogue has not had time to purloin the woods, caves, and grottoes; but he has made

a sweeping abduction of the celestials who haunted its summit, and constituted the court of Jupiter. There they are, owing their immortality, immortals though they be, to these plaster casts,—the most delightful of all inventions, the printing of sculpture, which, diffusing and perpetuating the glorious works of Phideas and Praxiteles, enables us to place celestials upon our shelves, to set up a gallery, and keep a Mount Olympus of our own, at the expense of a few shillings. An Image Boy is the last lingering remnant of Paganism. Heavens! what a train of classical associations streams from his various figures, animating and spiritualizing the very air as he walks along! His board is a moving world, carrying its own atmosphere of thought with it,—ay, and of sweet and profitable thought too, for is it not pleasant to reflect how the imaginative and the beautiful, yielding a perpetual source of delight to their

admirers of all ages and religions, survive the mythology that first called them into being;—how the perishable marble, renewed by still more fragile plaster, preserves the memory of the defunct immortal that it represents;—how the divinity of Genius in a human artist may make a celestial indebted for his endurance to a mortal?

Yes, an Image Boy is the last relic of Paganism, but of Paganism as it is exalted and sublimized by the glorious poets and sculptors of antiquity, not as it is degraded by the absurd fictions and fooleries of the Polytheists. How refreshing it is, both to the senses and the imagination, to follow one of these Italian striplings, to gaze upon the exquisite symmetry of his mimic gods and goddesses, and whisper to oneself the various illustrative passages of the classics that rush upon one's memory at the sight. Hah! what a gush of Thessalian and Arcadian air blows around

one, redolent of the narcissus and the amaranth;—I feel the crisp wild thyme of the Grecian mountains beneath my feet, sending up odours as I crush it; and hark! what a rustling of groves, and splashing of waters, and gurgling of rills, mixed with the hum of bees, and the music of unseen birds enchants mine ears with a delicious harmony! See! the nymphs and fauns, and even the shaggy satyrs, are peeping from the myrtle thickets, forgetting their gambols, and all standing motionless and tiptoe, that they may listen to Pan, as he sits apart beneath yon huge solitary pine, charming the echoes with his dulcet pipe. Zooks! the confounded Image Boy has suddenly turned down Gravel Lane,—the vision is dispersed, and I find myself trudging along a ditch-flanked foot-path near Kennington, a brick-kiln on my right, and two fish-women at a little distance, stunning me with their vociferous cries of "Mackarel!

Mackarel!"—Heavens! what a falling off was there! But is it not a glorious privilege that our imaginations can be thus disembodied, though it be but for a minute; that we can enjoy a living apotheosis, and be rapt away to expatiate and ecstasize amid the divinities upon Mount Olympus, simply by looking upon an Italian Image Boy?

What an improvement in the subjects and the execution of these figures since peace and an unrestricted intercourse with the classic soil of Italy have allowed these Milanese vagrants to bring to every cottage door casts from the finest relics of antiquity!—You must surely remember, Reader, unless the mother of the Muses have deserted you, that a few years ago our English modellers carried about a wretched collection of painted plaster dolls, lions, monsters, shapeless allegorical nondescripts, with here and there a

sprawling whole-length cross-legged Milton or Shakspeare stiffly leaning over a tablet on which was inscribed an extract from their respective works. The quotation from the latter has exemplified itself; it has passed away with the "cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces;"—it has crumbled back into the chalk and dust from which it was originally compounded, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind." But, in real truth, nothing is lost; every thing re-appears; and though the dissevered elements may be combined in a different form, the reproduction is still but "another and the same." I meant to have inserted some very eloquent and philosophical periods upon this subject, but that I found it already done in verse, and in a style so fine and masterly, that you will thank me, courteous Reader, for substituting the words of Dr. Darwin. Hear how sublimely, in supporting the doctrine of

universal destruction and reproduction, he thus apostrophizes the stars :—

" Flowers of the sky, ye too to Time must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field.
Star after star from heaven's bright arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush ;
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all !
Till from the wreck, emerging o'er the storm,
Immortal Nature shows her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same."—

And this carries me back to the sprawling whole-lengths of Shakspeare and Milton aforesaid, from the Phœnix ashes of which have been produced two excellent busts, to be purchased for an old song, (an appropriate exchange,) of every itinerant image-boy. Who would be without—— Excuse this break ; I left off to gaze upon their noble heads, and could not immediately withdraw

mine eyes. Who would be without them, I repeat? Busts are delightful. How fine to see an Author's head looking complacently, I had almost said consciously, down upon you from amidst his own works on the well-furnished book-shelves! It is like having a personal acquaintance with the sages and poets of all past time,—so much so, that if you are reading any of their productions, you can hardly help stopping and looking up to them now and then, as if to speak to them, or at least to trace the character of their writings in their physiognomies, and to mark how they illustrate and reflect each other.

This is not to die, but to enjoy a glorious immortality upon earth, when the image of both the mind and body can thus be preserved and perpetuated. Such a man has stamped an impress of himself upon the public; and as the public never dies, his memory is preserved in its heart; *there* are his ashes

deposited as in an everlasting urn. Yes, an Author's bust should always be placed above his works, and as it may thus occupy an elevated station, it should ever be represented looking downwards, not only that you may the better distinguish its features, but that it may be ready to give you an answer, should you suddenly apostrophize or question it! Even if it be silent, for all heads are not like that of Memnon, nor is every statue as animated as Pygmalion's favourite, how pleasant is it to see a writer's bust thus presiding over his writings, the head still brooding, as it were, upon the printed thoughts that have emanated from it, and seeming to enjoy the consciousness that both will be preserved, and descend to posterity together! Grand and consolatory reflection, that although marble, and brass, and adamant, may crumble into dust and pass away, the portraits of an Author's mind and features shall

be thus preserved in all their original freshness, the former perpetuated in ink and paper, the latter in chalk and water. Strange! that an unperishing fame should be derived from such perishable materials!

"Buy any image! buy any image." Oh! here comes the boy again; so that if the reader be unprovided, he may now supply himself. There are several other busts, you see, besides those we have mentioned. Our itinerant has as many heads as a Hydra. Byron is there with his scornful lip, who having sung the beauties and the wrongs of Greece, and died upon her soil, seems to be not inappropriately placed amidst her poets and divinities, and the masterpieces of her ancient sculptors, to whom we have been indebted for those heads of Homer, Socrates, and Sappho. Mingled not incongruously with the latter,—for genius and benevolence being kindred and cognate wherever they are to

be found, are of no age, no country, or rather of all, forming an illustrious brotherhood together, — you may perceive the bust of Canning, the enlightened statesman; — of Franklin, the American philosopher; —of Voltaire, the witty and the naughty, but ever the amusing satirist. Our Image Boy is impartial. Provided his heads be popular, he cares not whose they are, nor whence they come. His board is a sort of Pantheon for the divine minds, the intellectual heroes and demigods, the inheritors of fame of every clime and epoch. After all, the world is neither so illiberal nor so ungrateful as it is sometimes represented, the popularity of these various heads attesting that it does not forget its benefactors, teachers, and amusers, whatever may be their religion or their birthplace. You may be liberal in your heart, bust-buying Reader, but you must not the less do homage to cant, our great

national Gorgon, to which every Englishman is expected to bow the knee, even though it should turn him into stone. Be careful, therefore, if you purchase a head of Voltaire, to disclaim all participation in his sentiments, or admiration of his writings, adding that you have bought the bust *merely as a work of art.*

Upon this ground, and as a specimen of unrivalled manly beauty, — for really the young gentleman has but slender recommendations in his personal character, — we may stand excused for purchasing the bust of the famous Bithynian youth Antinous, the minion of the Emperor Adrian. Profligate as he may have been, he attested the sincerity, of his attachment in a way that few royal favourites would now imitate, by offering himself up at Thebes as a voluntary sacrifice for the honour of his master, who with a cowardly selfishness consented to this im-

molation, under the superstitious notion that it would prolong his own life. And this occurred in the second century, after Christianity had been long introduced, and upon a spot which subsequently, and at no distant period, swarmed with christian hermits and ascetics! The grateful emperor built a temple to his deified victim, instituted games in his honour, and imparted his name to a newly discovered constellation. But a writ of ejectment may be executed even in the sky: a successor, himself perhaps destined to share the fate he inflicted, has ousted him from his stellar niche, and the imperial minion has only been preserved from oblivion by the marble bust which bears his inscribed name and perpetuates his singular beauty.

Away with those gladiators! they like me not; I 'll none of them! They recall the most revolting custom of the noble barbarians of Rome. That charming young piping

faun, leaning cross-legged against a tree, I must have by all means, although I have already one in my possession of a larger size, which I have placed beneath some rustling boughs in my garden, and have listened to its inaudible melodies with more thrilling delight than can ever be excited by music that is heard, however enchanting. This is nonsense, you say. It may be so to you, most sapient critic, but it will not be deemed such by him who reflects that the imagination, if it be in the least active, will ever exceed reality; and that if in the visions of the night we see objects ten times more vividly when our eyes are shut, we may well hear sounds with a more delicious and exquisite sensitiveness when our faculties are sublimized in a day-dream.

And yonder Apollo (it will only make the third in my possession) must go up into my study, spite of my friend's remark that the

figure is effeminate. No such thing. It is not the manly form womanized, but deified, the precise *beau ideal* which befits a divinity, freed from human passions, whose strength is in the will, not in the muscles,—whose consciousness of superiority precludes the developement of it, except in the expression of a calm majesty, and who has only just stepped down from Mount Olympus, which the poets, sympathizing with the feeling of the sculptors, have ever represented as enjoying upon its heavenly summit a delicious and perpetual serenity, consonant to the placid character of the celestials that haunt it.

But I must pay and dismiss our Image Boy, or I shall moralize him into more fancies than ever Jaques did the wounded stag.—What is your name, friend?—Nasoni, Signor.—I thought as much: a descendant, I doubt not, of the poetical exile of Tomos, for he wears the hereditary nose, though he may

have dropped the family name of Ovid. The gods and goddesses whom his illustrious ancestor carried *in* his head, the juvenile descendant carries *on* his head. What a new fund of associations! and what a pity that I have neither time nor space to follow them up!—There is your money, friend, and I pray thee to begone quickly, or I shall buy and scribble about thee and thy figures until we have neither of us an image left.

THE PLEASANT TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

I.

The Isle of Saint Eustatia, which the Dutch
First colonized, was govern'd long ago—
(I mean *mis*-govern'd)—by the Heer Van Gutch,
As great a rogue as one would wish to know,
Who should, instead of ruling at Eustatia,
Have shared a convict's fate in Australasia.

II.

No excellency could the knave pretend to,
Save in his title, which the folks about him
Lavish'd upon him as an inuendo,
Ironically meant to mock and flout him;
For he had proved himself in every case
Sordid, corrupt, extortionate, and base.

III.

Lord Bacon urged that when in bribes he *did* err,
Justice, but not injustice, he had sold:
Van Gutch sold either to the highest bidder;
So that each criminal possess'd of gold
Became, of course, more daring and more harden'd,
Knowing beforehand that he should be pardon'd.

IV.

Our governor was in fact an island Pope,
But not, I ween, Pope Innocent or Pius,
Selling indulgences, that gave full scope
To him who foster'd any lawless bias,
To sear his conscience, so that nought should shock it,
By purchased absolutions in his pocket.

V.

As he sate waiting for this odious traffic,
Ready for hire to pardon or condemn,
Smoking his pipe in vacancy seraphic,
'Twixt stupid sottishness and native phlegm,
An Englishman, named Tate, made application
To buy a pardon by anticipation.

VI.

" May't please your Excellency," whisper'd Tate,
" I want to horsewhip, kick, and clapperclaw
A fellow that I hold in special hate;
But as the knave will doubtless take the law,
I wish beforehand to enquire the pittance
That I must pay to purchase an acquittance."—

VII.

"That," said Van Gutch, " on circumstance must rest.
Does the man merit such a deep disgrace?"—
" Richly: he stands recorded and confess'd
The most notorious scoundrel in the place."—
" Nay, then, I'll not be hard in my condition:
I promise, for ten ducats, full remission."—

VIII.

" Take them," said Tate, and threw them on the table;
Then drew a whip prepared for the occasion,
And laid it on as if he would disable
His victim from all future malversation,
So thick a storm he raised of kicks and lashes,
With curses, sandwich-like, between the slashes.

IX.

Cries Tate, " Your Excellency 's the convicted
And flagrant knave to whom I made allusion,
And this unmeasured scourging I've inflicted,
Because your back claims lengthen'd retribution.
There—there 's no harm done—all is honest barter:
I 've trimmed a scoundrel;—*you* have caught a Tartar."

X.

This said, he bowed politely and departed;
Hied to the shore, embark'd, and hoisted sail;
And in some half-hour's space had fairly started
From St. Eustatia with a fav'ring gale,
Leaving the writhing Dutchman in a fluster
Of anguish, rage, oaths, bullying, and bluster.

The Legend of Saint Basil.

[The spelling of the following Legend has been modernized throughout, the phraseology frequently altered, and more familiar terms occasionally substituted for such as had become obsolete; but it has not been thought advisable either to change the quaint style, or to correct the diffuseness, which are so characteristic of the old monkish writers.]

TOUCHING St. Basil, that most learned and famous eremite, who, after having travelled into Syria, Egypt, and Libya, returned to his native country of Cappadocia, and there lived like a saint and anchorite in a rocky cave upon Mount Argeus, teaching the true faith of the Galilæans with a most holy and clerkly schooling, converting or chasing away the accursed Paynims, (Tophet and Sathan

be their portion!) and overthrowing and disrooting the Temple of Fortune, the last hold of Baal and Dagon throughout all Pontus, right well shall ye wot, sith ye may see it written in the Chroniques of that time, that when the good Bishop Eusebius yielded forth the ghost, whom God absolve! St. Basil the Great, justly so called, was chosen Bishop of Cesarea in Cappadocia, wherein he did comport himself with such a saintly and apostolic bearing, gaining an empery over the lusts of the flesh by macerations and austerities right piteous to behold, the while he did unweariedly oppose the doctrines of the miscreant Arians, that all those of the true Church of God did look up to him almost as a new apostle and veritable saint upon earth. Howbeit, there were still some of the blind and doomed Paynims dwelling in the country round about Cesarea, who nathless won by his holy living, or persuaded

by his argute and honey-tongued discourses, did all finally abjure their false gods, cast their idols into the fire, and do homage to the truth of the glorious and undivided Trinity, blessed be the name thereof!

Now, it chanced in those days, that the Roman Emperor Julian, that infidel and apostate, whom it were impious to name without a curse, collected a mighty host to subdue the great King of the East and the rebellious Persians, and swore on the altars of his damned gods, that should he return victorious, he would utterly destroy all Christendom. So, with all that great and terrible array, wherein were Romans and barbarians, Gauls, Scythians from the frozen North, and Saracens, or roving Arabs of the Desert, followed by eleven hundred ships laden with arms and engines, provisions and utensils of all sorts, full marvellous and dreadful to behold, he came to Cesarea aforesaid,

where the learned doctor and bishop St. Basil waited upon him, made his obeisance to Cæsar, even as the Scripture enjoineth, and presented him with three barley loaves; whereat the Emperor, waxing wroth, twitched his beard, as was his wont when enchafed with choler, and said, "Doth he send me mare's food? I will return the compliment by sending him horse-meat, namely, three bushels of oats."

Howbeit, the godly man excused himself, saying that it was such bread as he himself and all those of Cappadocia did commonly eat; maugre the which the Emperor, incensed the more against him for that he had made all the people of Cesarea Christians, obtested his false gods by a terrible oath, that on his return he would destroy the town so completely, that a plough should pass over the spot where it had stood, and convert it into a level wheat-field. "Itaque

juravit quod faceret eam farriferam et non austeram;" whereupon he marched onwards with his whole army.

Well may ye ween that St. Basil and the Christians, much astonied and forlorn, took advisement together how best they might save the city and themselves from this threatened destruction, and deemed that it were well to offer unto this second Iscariot all their jewels and treasure, so to appease his hot anger. Moreover, they resolved to betake themselves in procession to the Church of Our Lady, situated on Mount Argeus near the city, there to abide during three days, praying to the Mother of God to deliver them from their jeopardous and pitiful danger. Incontinent whereupon they wended in solemn sort to the mountain, singing the Psaumes of David, praying in the church by day, and sleeping by night in the rocky caverns and sepulchres of the mountain, while the good

bishop, that pious man of God, sought refuge in the same cave wherein he had dwelt for many years, the while he lived the life of a holy and solitary eremite.

Now, upon the third night, while St. Basil thus slept, he was awakened by a loud but melodious voice, even as of a full-blown flute, sounding close to his ear, and saying unto him, "Basil, arise! go down forthwith to the Church of Our Lady, and thou shalt see a goodly and a glorious sight, right pleasant to behold!" Now, whereas the bishop had been often tempted and troubled of devils conjured up by the wicked Arians, and visited moreover by the incubus of the Cauchemar, or evil spirit of the night, he weened that this might be some compassment of the like devilry; so gave he no heed thereto, but pronouncing the prayer of exorcism, "Abi Sathanas! vade retro!" he made the sign of the cross upon his

bosom, and again composed himself to sleep. But when he was again a second and a third time awakened by the same sweet and solemn voice repeating ever more the like words, he rather deemed it must be the gentle summons of some good angel which he might not safely disobey; whereupon he arose, and searching cautelously throughout the cave by means of his lamp without finding trace of any human visitant, he forewrapped his cloak around him, and passing forth into the darkness, stepped noiselessly through his flock, who were sleeping amid the caves and sepulchres of the rock, or under the palm-trees; and so went in thoughtful mood towards the church, which was situate in the midmost of the mountain.

Right fair and majestical, and goodly to behold was that Church of Our Lady, builded with cunning art, and adorned with stately tombs and monuments of saints and martyrs,

of great nobles and chatelains, and dames of honour, and worshipful counts and knights, and haute dignitaries and ecclesiasts; but more daintily devised than all was the sepulchre of that renowned knight and chevalier Sir Valentine of Syracuse, of whom it beseemeth me to say somewhat, albeit there be few who have not read of his exploits. This so famed Christian warrior, having visited the ruins of the Holy City of Jerusalem, sate down amid its awsome silence and desolation upon the great stone of Christ his sepulchre, and pressing to his lips the cross of his sword, he then sware a deep and passionate oath, that he would overthrow and destroy the Paynim idols wheresoever he might encounter them; even like as the Holy City of David and the Temple thereof were demolished and trampled down. So hastened he thereupon to Olympias, in the temple whereof was a statue of the great and terri-

ble Jupiter, sixty feet high, and equal in bulk to a thousand men, wielding a thunderbolt in his hand, most gigantic and wonderful, and dreadsome to behold, so that no Christian might dare to offer it violence or insult, the more so sith the priests of the temple loudly proclaimed that the brandished thunderbolt of their deity would hurl instant destruction upon him who should approach it with menace or discourtesy: which when the doughty Sir Valentine saw and heard, he strode into the great temple in the midst of all the people, being cased in shining armour of proof cap-à-pié, and placing a tall ladder even against the stern face and beard of that vast and fear-fraught idol, he began to ascend with such speed, that his spurs rattled, and his sword made a clinquant sound against his greves. so as to be plainly heard in the deep and breathless silence of the astonied multitude.

Certes it was a wondrous spectacle to see the heart-throbbing crowd gazing upward at that daring Christian champion, as he rose far above their heads; but who shall tell their mazedness and consternation, when, as he raught the brandished thunderbolt, he exclaimed with a loud and valorous voice, "In the name of the Holy Trinity, the blessed Virgin Mary, of my Lord St. Michael the Archangel, and of my Lord St. George!" and smiting the thunderbolt with a great blow, it fell in loud rattling fragments upon the marble pavement beneath, for the people had not dared to come within thirty paces of the giant statue; which when they saw, some of the multitude cried out amain, others drew back in pale and wildering affrightment, while several ran aghast out of the building; howbeit, the greater part remained within the walls, moved thereto by

a resistless desire to see the end of this so daring, strange, and perilous adventure.

The lion-hearted Sir Valentine, nothing daunted by the great height to which he clomb, nor by the terrible visage of the grim and gigantic idol, mounted to the topmost roundel of the ladder, and calling upon the Trinity and the saints as before, struck with his ruthless battle-axe upon the neck of the statue three mighty blows, at the last whereof down tumbled the head with a dreadsome crash as of thunder, shaking the whole building, and sending a stern rombeling echo round about: appalled whereat, the quaking people yelled forth a loud shout, and mostly rushed out into the fields, fearing lest the temple should split and fall, and overwhelm them; the while Sir Valentine chaunted with a loud and lusty voice the fourth verse of the fifth chapter

of Samuel, and being well nigh witless with joy and eager triumph, jumped sheer down to the pavement from that great height without scathe or harm, being miraculously preserved in that jeopardy; whereupon he cut a notch in his lance, in memorial of his exploit and preservation, and so proceeded to Daphne of Antioch by the renowned fountain of Syrian Castaly, where amid harmonious sounds and aromatic odours, and in the cool shade of vast groves of laurel and cypress, intersected by a thousand translucent streams, stood the goodly Temple of Apollo, most lovely and delectable to behold; within the which was a full glorious statue of the false god, most subtle of compassment, right majestic in beauty, and rich in golden material. This Dagon, fair in sooth to view, but of most foul and filthy worship, did he in like wise demolish and overthrow with his puissant battle-axe, in

token whereof he carved a second notch upon his lance; and thus in the parts transmontane did the nought-dreading Christian knight go on destroying the Paynim idols until he had trenched twelve notches upon his lance, when he fell sick and surrendered up the ghost; and being brought to Cesarea, was buried in the church of Our Lady aforesaid, within a stately monument, which may none see without saying a Paternoster and an Ave Maria for his soul! Amen!

Now when the good Bishop Basil, awaked by the sweet and strange voice he had thrice heard in the cave, had come down the mountain as far as the church of Cesarea, as heretofore recited, much was he amazed, seeing it was the hour of dead night, to find the great orient door wide open, which when he had passed through, and so entered into the nave of the building, he might perceive a faint light hovering and glimmering over

the monument of Sir Valentine, which it did touch here and there with a wan and silvery gleam, as of newly fallen snow. Therewith drew he nearer to the tomb much marvelling; and lo! that solemn and miraculous light became quickly surpassingly lustrous, shooting itself on all sides until it was lost in the long dim aisles, gilding, as it passed, the divers sepulchres and effigies of knights and chastellains, and puissant barons, and holy martyrs and saints, and blazoning the arms, trophies, and scutcheons that hung above them, the whiles a gentle and odoriferous air, as of incense, was wafted through the holy building, fanning the suspended banners, so that they gave forth a low rustling sound. Jesu! what was the aghast wonderment and dread reverence of the bishop, when, from the midst of that hovering glory, the figure of our blessed Lady Saint Mary gradually revealed itself,

resplendent in right majestical beauty, and cinctured round about with a company of floating angels, most thrillingly fair and wonderful, from whose unfolded wings, as he might now right well perceive, was shed the rich and auriferous, yet soft and feathery effulgence, wherein that whole noble and miraculous vision was steeped. Whereat being foredone with awsome fear, he sank upon his knees in adoring homage, cast his eyes upon the amber-glimmering pavement, and crossing his hands athwart his bosom, tremulously moved his lips in whispering prayer.

Thus had he for some brief whiles remained when he might hear a voice most surpassingly dulcet and melodious, yet august and divine withal, so that he knew it to be that of Our Lady uttering this dread mandement:— "Sir Valentine of Syracuse, thou most holy knight and valorous chevalier, arise, I command thee, from thy tomb!"

Presently whereafter he might hear a clashing and splitting sound as of great stones violently wrenched and disparted asunder, and anon the pavement rattled and rang to the clang thereof as they fell on either side of Sir Valentine his monument; when the bishop, being unable longer to restrain his great wonderment, lifted up his eyes, and behold! the ponderous grave-stone and sculptured effigies were disrupt and lying confusedly beneath the open sepulchre, into the dusty darkness whereof the light of that hovering effulgence went deeply down. If he were well nigh aghast at this fearful sight, judge you how much he was smitten amort, and with what a thrilling throb his heart leaped in his bosom, when the grisly skeleton of the buried knight arose slowly from out its charnel vault, like a ghastly and affrightful apparition, and upturning his eyeless sockets upon the figure of Our Lady,

whose divine presence it seemed to agnize, reverently bent its skull, as if awaiting the behests of the blessed Mother of Our Lord. So the same grave and tuneful voice that had summoned him up from the pit of death thus addressed him:—"Sir Valentine of Syracuse! most noble knight and saintly chevalier! thou hast always been a faithful servant to my Son and to me, and on this account I command thee to go and kill the Emperor Julian, that false apostate, who so bitterly persecuteth the Christians, and maketh such false and slanderous averments, both of me and of my Son!"

So by a miracle the voice being restored to his tongueless mouth, the skeleton knight thrice bowed, and exclaimed aloud—"Ave! Ave! Ave! Sancta Maria, Regina Cœli!—Most celestial Mother of Christ! This thy behest will I assuredly perform:—I swear it by the Holy Trinity, by the twelve notches

of my lance, and by the mistress of my heart, the fair and unparagoned Lady Sylvia of Palermo."

Holy St. Powle! right piteous and ruthful was it to hear him talk of that valiant and loving heart of his which now lay strewed upon the bottom of the grave in the form of dust, while the spectator might pierce through his open ribs, which, being clean disfurnished of flesh, showed in most dreary and tristful sort, like the bars of a prison, whence the captive hath long escaped and vanished away. Nor less dolesome was it to list him swear by his sometime mistress the Lady Sylvia of Palermo, seeing that her golden locks, and diamond eyes, and vermeil cheeks, and all the love-kindling delights of her surpassing beauty, the renown whereof was bruited far and wide, had long since become the food of worms, and been left in the dark tomb to mingle with the noisome clay. Howbeit our

Lady Saint Mary said unto him in reply—"Well hast thou spoken and sworn, most devout and dreadless Chevalier! Hie thee forthwith to the waters of the Tigris, beyond Babylon, where in his tent shalt thou find Julian the Renegate lying on a couch wounded and unarmed, and there shalt thou slay him for the honour of me and of my Son."

Then said Sir Valentine—"Most glorified Lady! I have sworn to perform thy bidding, and am ready to do battle for the same *à l'outrance;* but forasmuch as I have never committed unknightly deed, nor taken advantage of my foe, nor forfeited mine honour of chivalry, may I not wait until this Roman Emperor be staunched of his wounds, and accoutred in steel harness, and furnished with lance and battle-axe, faulchion and dagger, that so I may meet him and do him to death in just combat, and according to the honourable usages of arms?"

Which answering, our Lady St. Mary thus spoke—" Noways, Sir Valentine, mayst thou do this; but thou should obey my bidding, even as I commanded thee; and forasmuch as it beseemeth me not to give thee the reasons thereof, thou shalt listen to the good Bishop Basil, whom may I perceive kneeling by thy side, and who will furnish thee trustful warrant of holy scripture for all that I have ordered. Sir Valentine of Syracuse! be again encased in the armour which thou didst heretofore wear in the flesh; and fail thou not, as thou reverest me and my Son, to do this my mandement."

Whereupon the rusty time-discoloured armour which hang above his sepulchre miraculously descended from its place, enclasping his dry bones with a dreary rattling noise, and the hauberk fell clinking over his cuirass, and the helmet alighted upon his skull, the black plumes thereof thickly shaking down

the dust as they nodded hither and thither with the motion of the casque. Remained there now nought but the lance, which being fixed, as is the wont, to the roof of the church, the skeleton knight lifted up his arm, and lo! the weapon fell into his bony hand; whereupon he pressed it eagerly to his lipless mouth, and kissed devoutly the twelve notches; and albeit there might no expression be read in his fleshless features, yet was it manifest how gladsome was his cheer thus again to feel his harness, sith he clutched and clanked his arms, more especially his idol-cleaving battle-axe, with a right eager and welcoming grasp. Whenas this miracle was now accomplished, Saint Basil raised up his eyes, and behold our blessed Lady, and the fair company of angels, and the light of amberous glory that encompassed them floated upwards, and seemed it that the roof of the church was opened, for he might mark the

whole grand and beauteous vision ascending to the heavens, the whiles a softly sweet and dulcet hallelujah, more ravishing and melodious than ever did enchant a mortal ear, made the air tremble and thrill as if it would faint with pleasure; and so that heavenly pageant mounted, larkwise, amid its own music, until it was gradually melted into the light of the morn, and might no more be followed or seen of mortal eye.

Nathless Sir Valentine of Syracuse, who having closed his visor, might now have well been deemed a living knight of flesh, but that his armour was foul besmirched and cankered with the rust, sent forth a grievous sigh, and speaking through the bars of his helmet, thus said:—"Much irketh it me, maugre mine oath that I have sworn, to slay the foredoomed Emperor Julian after this churlish, despiteous, and unknightly fashion; wherefore, my lord Bishop Basil, if thou art

he whom I see yonder kneeling by the tomb, I would fain have Scripture warrant for the deed, sith peradventure this glorious vision that I have seen may be some phantom and delusion of the arch-tempter, conjured up for the perdition of my soul."

Which hearing, and weening that he had been commanded of Our Lady to remove the scruples of the knight, Saint Basil thus spake: —" Noble and valiant Chevalier, and right devout Sir Valentine! that which is done for the honour of God may not in any wise be a dishonour; nor shall this deed, to which you are vowed, be ever held a foul manslaughter, unbecoming of loyal chivalry, seeing that the Emperor Julian is a miscreant idolater and a renegate. Wot ye not how the Scripture telleth us, that when Duke Zambri apostatized and adored false Gods, even in such like as the infidel Julian hath done, the pious Phineas, irate at the idolatry, whereunto the

Duke had been seduced by his Midianitish paramour, entered their house and slew them both without challenge in the midst of their dalliance? Quod cum vidisset surrexit de medio multitudinis Phinees, et arrepto pugione ingressus est post virum Israelitem in lupinar, et perfodit ambos simul;—an act of holy zeal most acceptable to the Lord, as thus recordeth the said holy Book—" Ecce! do ei pacem fœderis mei, et erit tam ipsi quam semini ejus pactum sacerdotii sempiternum, quia zelatus est pro Deo suo."—In like manner my lord Saint Michael slew Lucifer the rebellious Prince of Heaven; and when Absolom was hanging by the hair of his head, defenceless and forespent, the good knight Joab, constable to King David, thrust his lance thrice into his body, then cast him down into a ditch, and covered him with stones; such was his pious wrath against that rebel and traitor: albeit the King was sorely

grieved thereat, dolorously exclaiming "Fili mi, Absalon! fili mi! quis mihi tribuat ut ego moriar pro te, Absalon, fili mi!" as may be read in the 19th chapter and 2nd verse of Samuel. Even in such sort Jehoiada the High Priest, and the chiefs of the chivalry of Israel, slew the idolatrous Queen Athaliah at the stable-gate of her own palace, and anointed Joas King, of whom saith the Holy Scriptures in the second book of Kings—"Joas fecit rectum coram Domino cunctis diebus quibus docuit eum Joiada sacerdos."

Divers others instances and exemplars did the argute bishop in such clerkly wise adduce from warrant of Holy Writ, that the knight was disabused of all his misdoubts, the more readily for that he heard recited the self words of the Vulgate Bible whereof he had heretofore been a devout and frequent reader; so that his mind and soul being now stoutly made up to the commanded emprize,

he bowed a Vale! to St. Basil, praying him to be his beadsman, passed silently forth from the church, and wending with slow and most majestical step towards the river Melas, crossed the bridge, and so disappeared among the trees of the burial-ground without the city.

Whereupon the bishop returned up the mountain, in the sepulchres and caves and beneath the palms whereof he might see many of his flock still sleeping in the bright but quiet moonshine, for the night was calm and gentle; so that no sound was heard, and not a leaf rustled, and it might have been wist that the silvery light that lay upon the ground was itself asleep. Passing into his cave, the bishop watched and prayed until the sun had arisen over the distant mountains of Anti-Taurus, when he went forth, and telling the clergy, and the chivalry, and the people of Cesaræa what he had seen and

heard, bade them be of good cheer, for that of a surety the apostate Emperor who had threatened them with such foul scathe and malison should be incontinently done to death by the uprisen chevalier, Sir Valentine of Syracuse. Hearing which marvellous things, the people hied in great throngs to the church, where they gathered round about the overthrown and disbodied sepulchre, peering down into the black yawning vault with deep and reverent wonderment, and discoursing in fear-fraught whispers of the so strange adventure whereof the bishop had been a witness.

Meanwhile the doughty knight Sir Valentine, marching ever right onwards without halt or stay, sith he needed neither rest nor refection, raught at last the pleasant banks and islands of the many-streamed Euphrates, and the ruins of the great Babylon of Chaldæa, the goodly lakes whereof were now stagnant

and noisome, and choked with weeds, and the pleasant gardens of delight, whilom more floriferous and fragrant than Hesperus his fabled Paradise, a rank and undelectable wilderness, and the stately palaces and the mighty Temple of Bel were toppled down and crumbling into ruins, and all around was drearisome desolation, most grievous and rueful to behold. Howbeit, upon the banks of the river, and beneath the ruined walls, were divers great antique and half-decayed trees, peradventure the self same upon the which the captive Jews in the olden times had hung their harps, for that they were forlorn of heart, and would sing no more, seeing they were in captivity, and far away from the pleasant bowers of Solyma, and the soul-cherished music of its hallowed temple. So the pious knight sate down in tristful mood beneath these lonesome trees, much musing upon the doleful doom of the captivated

Jews, as well as upon the fate of this so famous city, and recalling to mind the fiftieth chapter of Jeremiah, and the prophecies thereof.

But here he might not longer tarry; so presently arising, he wended eastward until he raught the neighbourhood of Ctesiphon, where, in a rocky valley far remote from the waters of the Tigris, he might see the encampment of the great host of Julian the Renegate, whom God had now begun sorely to smite and confound with his judgments; for this idolatrous Emperor having impiously resolved to rebuild in all its grandeur and glory the demolished Temple of Jerusalem, sent thither his friend Alypius, who with the whole Jewish people, and a mighty company of men at arms and artificers, set to work with this profane intent: but no sooner had they begun, than lo! an awsome earthquake shook the holy hill of Moriah, a

wrathful whirlwind burst from the sky, and horrible balls of fire being vomited forth from amid the foundations, with fulgurous and stunning explosions, did so scare and blast the astonied workmen, that with dreary cries they were fain to flee away in dreadsome tribulation, and so to abandon that Heaven-defying attempt. Such were the tidings brought to Julian at Antioch, as he advanced to do battle against Sapor, the King of the East; howbeit he still pursued his march until, being decoyed by the treacherous guides into the deserts and waterless wilderness of that far country, his host was grievously wasted with hunger and thirst, and being there attacked by the Persian Satraps with fearful aid of gigantic elephants, and himself sorely wounded, he was forced to retreat, after wailful loss and slaughter, to that rocky valley where Sir Valentine did first behold the Roman camp. Whereat Julian,

being filled with wrath against his Paynim God of War, sware a fool's oath, "Nunquam se Marti sacra facturum," that he would never more offer sacrifice to Mars; such is the scorn with which these idolaters do treat their own false gods. But even for thus blaspheming was his conscience smitten; for that self midnight, as he sate ruefully musing in his tent, lo! the Genius of the Empire appeared before him, his head and horn of abundance enwrapped with a funeral veil, and so slowly and in deep silence, after a brief while, retired from his presence. Therewith starting from his couch, and rushing forth the tent, the Emperor beheld a fiery meteor, which shot athwart the sky and suddenly evanished, so that he surely weened he had seen the menacing countenance of Mars, and again betook him to his couch in great dole of heart.

It was the morning next thereafter that

Sir Valentine, traversing the sterile and undelectable wastes of Media, approached the valley wherein the Roman army was camped, and ever as he passed along, the bustards, eagles, and other great birds, dispread their wings, and flew screaming to the sky, the tall ostriches flitted afar off to their hiding-places, and the antelopes and wild asses, uplifting their ears and opening wide their nostrils, scoured fearfully away to their caverns and dens amid the rocks. In such sort did he reach the Roman sentinels and legions, wearing his visor closed, who sith he was alone, suffered him to pass, much marveling nathless that so stout and tall a knight, and of a bearing so majestical that he might well seem the flower of chivalry, should wear such murky and rust-cankered harness, and carry black plumes upon his helmet that were all tattered and besmirched with dust. Howbeit they offered him neither let nor

parlance; so that he drew nigh unto the Emperor his tent, which was not more stately or delicate than the others, save that it was surrounded with the royal Meinie, the soldiers called Jovians and Herculians of the body guard being then upon duty. Divers whereof, as he made way thitherward, challenged him, and presented their lances to stay his progress; whereupon he lifted up his visor, disclosing his grisly and chapless skull, when lo! the whole guard and all the royal attendants were instantly transfixed and horrified, and so stood immoveable and aghast, as if they had soothly seen the fabled Gorgon, and were all instantly petrified therewith into stone statues. Thorough the midst of these fear-frozen guards did Sir Valentine stalk into the royal tent, where was the Emperor, as had been foretold of our Lady Saint Mary, lying wounded upon his couch, having around him his infidel counsellors and

sophists, together with many of his great officers,—to wit, Victor, his constable and master general; Duke Nevitta, who commanded the legionaries; Prince Hormisdas, the traitor Persian; Duke Lucilianus, commander of the light troops; the good knight Secundinus, Count Gratian, with other of his principal lords, and stout and valiant men at arms, each and every one whereof was stricken amort and motionless at sight of the spectral warrior, in like manner as had been the guards on the withoutside. Then Sir Valentine went close to the Emperor, whose uplifted arm remained fixed and helpless, and exclaiming with a dread voice—"In the name of the most Holy Trinity, of my lord St. Michael the Archangel, of my lord St. George, and of the mistress of my affections, the lady Sylvia of Palermo!"—he thrust his lance sheer through the heart of Julian the Renegate, who knowing by

the cross upon Sir Valentine's corslet that he had been assailed of a christian knight, received the blood into his hand, ejaculated—"Vicisti me, Galilæe!" fell back upon his couch, uttered a dreary groan, and so gave up the ghost. And at that same hour was his death revealed to the saints of Egypt, Syria, Cappadocia and the parts adjacent.

Shortly thereafter St. Basil, knowing what had chanced, told the people and clergy and chivalry of Cesaræa, who with loud cries of joy went down from the top of the mountain to the church of Our Lady aforementioned, when, behold! the monument and sepulchre of Sir Valentine of Syracuse were again closed up and restored to their former state, and the armour hung above it, as if it had not been of late disturbed, and the lance was again affixed to the roof, only the point thereof was thickly covered with blood, as it remained for ages, and was seen of many

thousand christians and pilgrims who wended thither from all parts to behold that miracle and prodigy. Thus saith the Chronicle of the great St. Basil of Cesaræa, whom God hath absolved, and received among the angels.*

SONG.

I.

I WEAR a smile upon my face,
Though grief is at my heart,
And no one in mine eyes can trace
The tear that longs to start.

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* The legend upon which the above is founded, was alluded to by Jean Petit, Professor of Theology in the University of Paris, who on the 8th day of March 1407, in the presence of the King and his great council, offered an elaborate defence of the Duke of Burgundy, for having caused the death of the Duke of Orleans. —See Monstrelet's Chronicles, Vol. I. p. 220.

I 'm seen amid the great and gay,
And cheerful songs I pour;
But ah! my thoughts are far away
With him who is no more!

II.

The widow'd bird upon the rose
May warble, though forlorn;
Its sweetness cannot soothe her woes,—
Her breast still feels the thorn.
Like her, when most I seem elate,
Alas! my voice's tone
Another's grief may dissipate,
But cannot chase mine own!

III.

As home I steal from festive throngs,
The tear bedews my cheek;
The voice that blithely caroll'd songs,
In sighs alone can speak.
But strike the chords! let Music live!
If others I can please,
That thought shall for a moment give
My wounded bosom ease.

FLAVIUS AND JULIA DONNA.

A TALE OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

IT was on the twenty-eighth day of March, in the one hundred and ninety-third year of Christ, that two or three hundred of the most desperate soldiers of the Prætorian guard, irritated against their emperor the virtuous Pertinax, on account of the reforms which he wished to introduce, marched at noon-day, with arms in their hands, towards the imperial palace. The gates were thrown open by their confederates upon guard, when Pertinax, disdaining either flight or concealment, advanced to meet his assassins, recalling to their minds his own innocence and the

sanctity of their recent oath. Awed by his venerable aspect and majestic firmness, they stood for a few moments in silent suspense, until a barbarian of the Batavian horse levelled the first blow at him, and he was instantly dispatched with a multitude of wounds. Then did the indignant people of Rome feel what it was to be subject to the degrading dominion of the sword;—then first did they behold the humiliating spectacle of a sale of the empire by public auction in the Prætorian camp. Didius Julianus, a wealthy senator, instigated by the flatteries of his wife and his daughter, his freedmen and his parasites, hastened to the foot of the rampart, and began eagerly to bid against Sulpicianus, who had already promised a donative of one hundred and sixty pounds to each soldier, when Julianus rose at once to two hundred pounds. The gates of the camp were instantly thrown open to him; he was declared

Emperor, conducted in triumph to the Senate-house, where his election was confirmed; and thence he was escorted in military pomp to take possession of the palace, where the first objects that he encountered were the headless body of Pertinax, and the frugal entertainment that had been prepared for his supper. Among the guards who surrounded him was Flavius, a Decurion, who, although he had shared in all the licentious excesses of his Prætorian brethren, did not participate in their ferocity, and had loudly though vainly protested against the murder of Pertinax. The mutilated and dishonoured body of him who but a few hours before had been the master of the world, and who now fell a sacrifice only to his own virtues, deeply affected him; while the turbulence, the drunkenness, the wild uproar, consequent upon the distribution of the donative, during which one of his companions had attempted to

assassinate him that he might rob him of his money, completed his disgust against his military comrades. He had never been so rich before, and his wealth, for such it was to him, combined with his present abhorrence of Rome and its Prætorian tyrants, turned his thoughts towards the humble, the peaceful cottage in the forest of Aricia, where he had left his father, a poor woodcutter, and his beloved sister Drusilla, from neither of whom had he now heard for several years, for in that class of life there was then little penmanship.

Perhaps also in this new awakening of his long-slumbering affections, he was not less anxious to learn something, and perchance to obtain a sight, of Julia Donna, to whom he had once been tenderly attached. Ever delighting more in the pleasures of the chase than in the humble occupation of woodcutting, he would often in earlier life exchange the axe for the bow and quiver, plunge into

the depths of the forest, and remain absent for several days. In one of these excursions he met Julia Donna, a devoted huntress, the very Diana of the district; and his absences from home now became more frequent than ever. It will readily be surmised that they always occurred on those days when his mistress had signified her intention to hunt; that he invariably met her by a chance, which, to tell the truth, had been generally preconcerted; and that if Julia could not behold the singular comeliness, activity, and courage of this humble Meleager without admiration, Flavius was not the less smitten by the charms, the graces, and the sporting accomplishments of his rural Atalanta. Her family however, being of superior rank to his own, took alarm at the growing attachment, and, as the most effectual method of breaking it off for ever, procured for Flavius the situation of Decurion in the Prætorian guards.

Valiant, aspiring, captivated by the splendid uniform of those magnificent troops, and neither indifferent to their privileges and pay nor to the pleasures of a luxurious life in Rome, the youth gladly accepted the appointment, endeavouring to forget a mistress whom the pride of her family would never allow him to obtain. In the total change of scene,—in the activity of his new duties,—in the admiration every where excited by his handsome features and fine figure, set off to the best advantage by his rich military trappings,—he believed that he had completely driven her from his mind. It was only when he was now quitting Rome upon a furlough to visit his father,—when he was sending back his thoughts to former times, and his delightful excursions with Julia in the forest of Aricia,—when he was looking forward to the chance of again beholding her, and calculating the probability of her being still un-

married, that the anxiety and perturbation of his feelings convinced him how large a share she still occupied in his heart.

As Flavius, receding from the mighty city within which he had so long been a voluntary prisoner, once more inhaled the fragrance of the green fields, and heard the rustling boughs making a music in the free air, which instantly recalled to him the dark leafy glades wherein he had been born and had passed his youth, his soul became filled with a purer delight than he had for a long time enjoyed, while he complacently ruminated upon the many comforts which he should procure for his father with the little fortune in his pocket,—upon the delight with which his sister Drusilla would welcome him back, and the pride with which she would hang around her neck the gay chain and trinkets he had purchased for her with a

portion of his money. All these amiable and pleasant feelings were rendered more grateful by a thousand tender recollections as he entered the precincts of the forest. His previous fatigue—for he travelled on foot—was no longer felt, nay, it vanished altogether when he skirted the entrances to the dark alleys, or successive glades, athwart which he had so often trudged when a boy, bearing his father's axe; or along which, at a later period, he had bounded in company with Julia, chasing the flying game. Every glen and dell, every green opening, almost every tree, was fraught with some delightful association, now making his heart throb as it reverted to Julia, and again when it pointed to his ever kind and too long neglected parent; awakening such a pang of affectionate remorse, that the young soldier more than once applied the sleeve of his tunic to

his eyes, and walked on with increased rapidity, as if he could thus escape from his own upbraiding thoughts.

"There is old Nestor!" he exclaimed, pointing to a venerable oak so called, and which, if tradition and record were to be believed, had flourished where it then stood when the foundation stone of Rome was still slumbering in the dark quarry. As a proof of the extraordinary reverence in which it was held, it was almost covered with votive garlands and inscriptions; and the young soldier, who remembered to have formerly carved the name of Julia Donna upon its bark, hastened to see whether the fond memorial remained: as it was still faintly legible, Flavius, who had a good deal of feeling in his composition, although it had been smothered for a time by vanity and ambition, looked round to ascertain that he was unobserved, and then kissed the letters.

Had they been the lips of his mistress, he could hardly have experienced a keener thrill at his heart, to which all its boyish fervours seemed to have suddenly returned. Disappointment and disgust at the recent scenes in Rome had revived the attachment which had only been sacrificed to juvenile ambition, and he now wondered that he could ever have torn himself from the fascinating young huntress who had condescended to bestow her affections upon the woodcutter's son.

While he was thus occupied, he heard the sound of horns and other music, and looking towards the Temple of Diana, which stood on a sloping eminence across a small sheet of water, he beheld a procession of priests bearing lighted torches, musicians with their instruments, and a little crowd of people carrying boughs, around whom a number of hounds and other dogs of chase were frisk-

ing and gamboling. There was a current tradition throughout the whole of this hunting district, that on particular days Diana abstained from the pleasures of the chase, in order that she might crown with flowers such of her dogs as had done their duty in the previous season; these days were accordingly observed as holidays, when the squires and Nimrods of the forest, in imitation of their patron deity, brought their dogs to her temple, and with music and ceremonies placed garlands upon the heads of their canine favourites, whom they generally made participators in their subsequent feast. Flavius, who had never been absent from these anniversary festivities when a boy, pressed forward with the greater eagerness to behold the sport, because he thought it not unlikely that his father, who had frequently been employed to provide the boughs, for which he received a small remuneration from the

priests, might be present on this occasion; and he enjoyed beforehand the thought of the old man's delight and amazement when in the person of the richly decorated Decurion of the Prætorian guards he should recognise the son who had so often followed him through the forest with a pile of faggots on his shoulders. Skirting the sheet of water, he soon reached the scene of action, and gazed upon the proceedings with an exhilaration of spirit that had never been surpassed, even in his boyish days; but as his keen eye, after a careful scrutiny, failed to discover the object of which he was in search, he inquired of one of the bystanders whether old Primo the woodcutter, who formerly used to supply the boughs, were expected to assist in the pending ceremonies.

"Old Primo!" exclaimed the peasant with a look of surprise: "Jupiter forbid!

we laid him quietly in the ground last seed-time—the day that the Emperor Commodus was killed; and they will hardly let him cross the Styx a second time, merely to come to the Festival of Diana Nemorensis."

"Dead!" cried Flavius in a hollow whisper, the blood rushing to his face while his heart was dragged down within him—"Is Primo the woodcutter dead?"

"Ay, that he is; for I myself followed him to the burial-ground, and a rare funeral-dinner was provided for us by the worthy Lætus the farmer, and a cheerful meeting we had in the Triclinium of Aricia, for we were all resolved to do honour to his memory."

"And Drusilla his daughter?" inquired Flavius,—turning aside his head, for he conceived the betrayal of any emotion to be inconsistent with the stern dignity of a Decurion—"What has become of her?"

"Old Lætus has taken her into his service; and, I promise you, she has no bad place, and no ungenerous master."

"And does Lætus still reside at the same farm?"

"He lives on the same spot, but hardly in the same farm, for it is so much enlarged and altered in the last few years that you would never know it again."

"I remember every tree around it—I shall be at no loss to discover it: Farewell!"

"What, Decurion! you will not go before the crowning of the dogs. Hark! there's the trumpet: the ceremony is just about to commence."

Flavius made no reply, but turning abruptly away, passed rapidly behind the temple, and struck into the forest, his pent up tears escaping when he was no longer subject to observation, while his heart was quite overwhelmed with this unexpected dis-

appointment of all his hopes.—One consolation remained. His beloved sister Drusilla was left to him; he would devote to her use the portion which he had intended to bestow upon his father,—he would withdraw her from servitude—procure his own discharge from the army,—he would purchase a small vineyard or olive-ground, and they should live happily together for the remainder of their lives. Beguiling the way with such reveries, which in some degree tended to assuage the first pangs occasioned by the loss of his father, he reached the boundary post of Lætus's homestead, to which was affixed an ass's skull,—a superstitious observance never omitted, since it was held to be of sovereign and infallible utility in averting blights and fertilizing the land. Upon looking over the paling into the farm-yard, Flavius observed the great improvements and additions to which the peasant had alluded. He be-

held extensive ranges of storehouses and granaries, oil and wine-cellars, barns, stabling, and appropriate buildings for the different domestic animals, most of which wore an air of greater comfort than the hovels set apart for the residences of the slaves. Cattle of all sorts were dispersed about, many of them branded with their breed and lineage,—points on which their owner was much more particular than in the genealogy of his own family. Two old women were seen under a shed preparing vetches, apparently for the supper of the slaves, and half-a-dozen children were busy in another part of the yard dressing goats' hair that it might be woven into a coarse kind of stuff; but, with these exceptions, there were no labourers at work throughout the whole spacious enclosure. Of this unusual desertion Flavius soon discovered the cause, when from the great gates of entrance, which were surmounted with branches

of cypress, he saw a funeral procession pass forth. A director of the ceremonies, with his attendants clad in black, led the way, followed by musicians with wind-instruments of a larger and deeper tone than those used on less solemn occasions, and by mourning women chaunting a dirge. Then came the bier, a species of couch bestrewed with flowers and fragrant perfumes, whereon was extended, with her feet forward, a young maiden attired in the holiday apparel of a peasant, the closed eyes and the paleness of her placid beautiful face, sealed with the marble impress of death, offering a sad contrast to the gay trappings and blooming flowers that flaunted and fluttered around her in the breeze. Wan as were her features, it was difficult to conceive that she was dead. Almost might it seem that she was some delicate nymph, some fair faced queen of the floral games, who, having fallen

asleep upon a bank of flowers, was thus borne in appropriate state to the bower of the garden goddess. No such fond dream, however, had power to soothe the grief of Lætus and his son, who followed the corpse; the former with downcast eyes, his mouth covered with his mourning robe, and his silver locks streaming on the wind; while the sobs of the latter, whose grief was more vehement than that of his father, became distressingly audible in every pause of the music and the dirge. Their household marched after them, arrayed in all the habiliments of woe: the freedmen with the cap of liberty on their heads, and the slaves bringing up the rear.

Flavius stood under a tree watching the approach of the mournful procession as it advanced towards him. From its costly style, and the number of the attendants, he concluded that some member of Lætus's own

family, perhaps his daughter, was then about to be conveyed to her last home; and it was therefore with a feeling of solemn curiosity, rather than with the smallest misgiving of heart, that he threw a look upon the bier as it was borne along close before him. One glance was sufficient—it was Drusilla! that dear sister, whose features when he had last seen them were sparkling with vivacity —with whom he had so often romped and run races in the forest—whom he had never met without delight, nor quitted without regret. With a shuddering groan he leant against the tree, and shut his eyes until the sad train had passed, when he sank down upon the ground, and fixing his looks upon the grass, suffered the unrestrained tears to fall upon it. Such was his military pride however, that he checked them even at the approach of a little girl, who, being probably attracted by his strange and glittering ac-

coutrements, strolled up to where he sate, and after gazing at him for a few moments with a look of childish amazement, sought to propitiate him by offering some flowers out of a small basket. "Is not this a pretty basket?" she exclaimed—"poor Drusilla made it for me, and I dare say she will be making them now all the day long, and perhaps she will send me some; for they tell me there are plenty of rushes in the Elysian fields, and that the birds sing so sweetly, and the flowers are so beautiful, and such a number of pretty butterflies, and such nice———. La! shall I tell you what that spiteful Plancus says, the head slave? He says it is a folly to have such a grand funeral for Drusilla, since she was only the daughter of a poor woodcutter. But then you know, Sir, she was going to be married to Lætus's son,—him that you heard sobbing so sadly as he followed the

bier; and, besides, she had a brother who was a great officer in the Prætorian guards, and wore a sword and a scarlet tunic just as you do, and his name was Flavius. I have heard her talk of him a hundred times, and have often seen her weep because she did not know where he was, and never heard of him." At this artless evidence of his sister's undiminished affection, the big drops that had been accumulating in the eyes of Flavius could no longer be contained, but coursed one another down his cheeks in rapid succession; while the little girl, frightened at such unusual emotion in a man and a soldier, faultered out—"La, Sir! did you know Drusilla too, that you have begun to weep for her? Don't cry so, or———" And then, after hesitating and vainly endeavouring to proceed, she herself burst into tears. Unable to endure the sight of her grief, and yet ashamed of himself for play-

ing the woman in the presence of a child, Flavius started up, patted the little girl on the head, bade her be comforted, slipped a piece of money into her hand, and rushed into the forest, burying himself in its densest and most gloomy recesses.

Here he remained, a prey to grief and remorse, until the night approached, when he betook himself to a small inn on the Appian road, which he had often frequented with his father when a child, and hurrying to bed, endeavoured to forget his fatigues and his sorrows in sleep. Such cruel and bitter disappointments had hitherto awaited him, that he dreaded to make any inquiries respecting his former mistress Julia Donna; but he resolved to visit her dwelling at an early hour on the following morning, to obtain if possible one glimpse of her,—it might be, to exchange with her a few words of tender remembrance, and then return to Rome, and

bury his griefs in the pleasures of the Prætorian camp. Before sunrise he was threading the glades and intersecting alleys of the forest, which to any other would have proved a perplexing labyrinth, in his eager journey towards the abode of Julia. He paused on reaching a well-known spot that suggested some endearing recollection associated with her. It was an open green space, affording glimpses through several radiating vistas and thinly planted glades into the remoter portions of the forest, sometimes presenting masses of deep shade, or broken and chequered light; while here and there the sun, pouring through some opening in the foliage, fell glistering upon the dewy grass, as if it would set it in a blaze. Several stags stalked proudly across the turfy alleys, or peered at the early intruder from amid the remoter trees, dilating their nostrils, snuffing up the

air, and gazing for a moment with a look of haughty wonder, before they bounded away and disappeared.

Near this central lawn, and contiguous to a temple of Apollo, was a beautiful spot, which, possessing peculiar attractions in the eyes of Flavius, from its having been the scene of his first declaration of love to Julia, had drawn his footsteps thither almost before he knew that it was his intention to visit it. It was another and a smaller green opening where nature had thrown together, within an encircling belt of foliage, a singular combination of picturesque grandeur and sylvan loveliness. In front arose a bold pile of rocks, rugged and craggy in their form, but softened by the trees and shrubs with which they were tufted, by the varicoloured flowers, lichens, and moss that tinted their sides, and by the trailing plants that swung waving in

the air, or dipped their green tresses in the pellucid fountain that spread itself beneath, reflecting every flower, tree, and painted prominence that surrounded it. In the centre of this embowered enclosure a small velvet grass plat of the most vivid green sloped down to the water, while at the bottom of the crags, on a projecting pedestal of the rock, stood a marble statue of Apollo playing on his lyre, and looking downwards, either as if he were listening to the celestial melody he made, or complacently gazing upon the exquisite symmetry of his own figure, brightly, beautifully, divinely pictured in the crystal mirror beneath him. Flavius was surveying the scene, and recalling the occurrences that had endeared it to him, when from amid the surrounding thickets a voice of plaintive sweetness warbled a snatch of an ancient ballad

"Apollo was tending Admetus's sheep,
With his seven-reed pipe, and his wild-olive crook,
When weary with watching he fell fast asleep,
And the wondering nymphs gather'd round him to look
On the placid grace of his heavenly face,
And his locks that around him a lustre shook."

He instantly recognised the voice to be that of Julia Donna; and even if his ears could have been deceived, he had soon ocular evidence of the fact when the beautiful girl, bursting through the foliage, came running towards the statue, her head bound with a laurel garland, her superb hair floating upon the breeze, her garments grotesquely bedizened with wild-flowers and sprigs of olive, and her black flaring eyes, as well as the unnatural ecstasy of her sun-burnt countenance, unequivocally betraying that she was suffering under an alienation of mind. "Hist! hist!" she exclaimed in whispering accents,

while she put her hands to her lips as if to enjoin silence—"Make no noise, and you shall hear him play upon his lyre. This way—this way;—quick—quick!"

"Dearest Julia, do you not know me?" inquired Flavius tenderly.

The bewildered girl started, looked searchingly into his face, and then shaking her head, exclaimed—"I have heard a voice like that—one that I shall never hear again: I know you not. This is the grove of Apollo, my lover, my spouse; and I was singing just now to the accompaniment of his lyre. See! this is his altar. At the first crowing of the cock, I am always here to place upon it an offering of flowers; and when the evening grasshopper begins to chirp, I leave wild honey upon the shrine. Morning, noon, and night, I live in the wood, that I may be always near my love. All the stags know me, and suffer me to pat and caress them.

I know that I am tanned and freckled;—I always sit in the sun, that I may be kissed by the beams of Apollo: but he loves me the better for it; he told me so t'other night: —Ah! it is beautiful to see his noble statue reflected in the water by moonlight! He told me so."

"What did he tell you, my dear Julia?" inquired Flavius, who now saw too clearly that her mind was disordered.

"That he loved me the better for my sunburnt face—that he would forget Leucothoë, Daphne, Issa, Bolina, Coronis, all, all, and love none but me. That he would.—Hist! hist! silence! he is again about to play upon his lyre.". A breeze sprung up and made a not unmusical rustling among the leaves, which to the diseased imagination of the poor girl always appeared a celestial melody issuing from the lyre of the god. Putting her hand upon the altar, and then to her lips,

she waved it reverently towards the image, and broke again into her sweet wild song, as if she were warbling to the accompaniment of the instrument; her looks all the time being riveted upon the statue with an expression of intense, fervent, impassioned enthusiasm, an ecstasy of devout love, that gave her an almost unearthly aspect, as if she were an enchanted creature, an enamoured worshipper of some beautiful spirit, who had exercised his potent spell over both the heart and soul of his votary.

Flavius was so overcome with pity and amazement at the sight of her unhappy delusion, that he remained gazing upon her for some moments in silence, until a horn sounded at a little distance, when she started away exclaiming, "Ha! it is the signal for the morning sacrifice at the Temple—I must not be absent;" and so saying, she fled across the lawn with the swiftness of a doe, deaf to the

imploring voice of her companion, and baffling pursuit, not only by her speed, but by her superior knowledge of all the intricate mazes of the covert.

When Flavius had first quitted the forest and betaken himself to Rome, the friends of Julia, finding that she still cherished her passion with an ardour that was destroying her health, persuaded her that he had perished in a mutiny of the guards, hoping that this conviction would shortly restore her to herself. Though she fully credited their assertions, it did but plunge her into a deeper melancholy: she forswore the pleasures of the chase, abandoned herself to solitude and gloom, and endeavouring to obtain such consolation as the Pagan religion could afford, for Christianity had not yet penetrated into this woody district, she resorted daily to the Temple of Apollo, which was in the immediate vicinity of her dwelling. The lawn and the rocks we

have described were an appendage of the temple, and as the statue of the Deity bore a marked resemblance to the handsome features of Flavius, the enamoured girl would sit gazing upon it for hours, sometimes deeming it to be her lover, and at others recognising it for the image of the Deity, until by degrees her reason became disordered, the earthly passion and the religious feeling were commingled and interfused, and the votary, while she adored the image of Apollo, gave up her heart to the recollections of the past, and felt as if she were still addressing her vows to a living lover.

Flavius had no sooner learned the deception of which she had been the victim, and the nature of her delusion, than he determined on an experiment calculated to restore her bewildered faculties by reviving her love. Suspecting that she had failed to recognise him less from her conviction of his death,

than from her beholding him in the unaccustomed garb of a soldier, he attired himself in a hunting-dress, such as he had usually worn upon their former excursions in the forest, took a bow in his hand, slung a quiver to his back, and having, with the assistance of two or three peasants, displaced the statue of Apollo from its pedestal, became himself its temporary substitute. At the usual hour of evening Julia returned with her offering of wild honey, gazing at the metamorphosis as she approached with a thrill of astounding wonder that transfixed her to the spot.

"Julia! my beloved Julia Donna!" said Flavius, stretching out his arms towards her, "the benignant Apollo, in reward of your constancy and devotion, has restored me to life. Behold! I am Flavius, your own Flavius, with whom you have so often hunted in the forest."

A wild scream burst from the lips of Julia:

232261

she threw up her arms into the air, shrieked out "Flavius! Flavius!" staggered a few paces, and would have fallen to the ground, had not her lover leaped from the pedestal and caught her in his embrace.

The family of Julia, eager to repair the wrongs of which they had been the unintentional cause, now gladly consented to her marriage, in the hope that her union with the object of her long-cherished affection would effectually dispel the hallucination with which she had been afflicted. This expectation was fully and happily confirmed by the event. Their influence procured the discharge of the bridegroom from the Prætorian guards; his own donative, with some assistance from the friends of his wife, enabled him to establish himself on the outskirts of the forest as a timber-merchant, a business with which his early habits had rendered him conversant; and if Flavius, in the pos-

session of his mistress, and the calm pleasures of domestic life, found some atonement for the pangs occasioned by the unexpected deaths of his father and his sister, Julia Donna was not the less recompensed in the affections of her husband for the lamentable delusion which had so long saddened her heart and disordered her reason.

A TOUR TO THE LAKES.

If as a pleasure you can rank it
To gaze at beauty through a blanket,
Go where each lovely Lake enshrouds
Her charms behind a veil of clouds.

Some of our summer Tourists seek the Alps,
Risking their own to climb the mountains' scalps,
And if they do not slip, and so
Stick midway in some icy nook
O'erhanging an abyss of snow;
Or that no avalanche down-slides,
Engulphing them and all their guides,

They write a book,
To show the world what fools they've been
And tell the nothings they have seen.

Others there are who can't abide
To glide and slide on a glacier's side,
When a trip or a slip may send them to dip,
With a hop and a skip,
In a bath of snow, where you taste the pleasure
Of dying by inches and freezing at leisure.
So, for their consciences' sakes,
Eschewing such a clear self-slaughter,
They substitute for mountains lakes,
And ramble all on fire for water,
Exploring every classic pond,
From Pô to Naples,
And doating on each muddy moat
That boasts sufficient depth to float
The ducks of some Italian Mrs. Bond.
But if a brace of moping maples,
Or pining pines o'erhang the bank,
Lord! how they laud the fetid tank,
While, ten to one, some rhyming fool
Writes stanzas to his "Peerless Pool!"

Travellers we have much more John Bullish,
Deeming each brother tourist foolish
Who his country forsakes
To seek mountains and lakes,
When he may get them ready made at home,—
And so to Westmorland they roam,
Thinking with all their mights and mains,
Of Southey's and of Wordsworth's strains,
Of landscapes picturesque and grand,
And crags whose lines are never scann'd,
They pierce into the clouds so far,—
Of pic-nic parties, moonlight nights,
Boat dinners, and the dear delights
Of poetry and potted char!

Our lakes, it must be own'd, are pretty things,
When one can see them, which is very seldom,
For Pluvian Jupiter for ever wings
His clouds above them, and Apollo flings
His rays so rarely, one would think he held 'em
Only for sabbaths, but that not e'en *one* day
In a lake week deserves the name of *Sunday*.
Maugre this soaking of the scenery,
Thither I went last Summer-*time* (not Summer),

A greenhorn gaping for the greenery,
And bent, like every undeceived new-comer,
To rise by daylight and explore
Lake, mountain, valley, tarn, and shore;
With which most laudable intent,
Having bespoken proper guides
For walks and boatings, drives and rides,
To bed I went.

Up with the sun! and so I might,
If I had lain in bed till night!
The morning came, at least the hour,
But, 'stead of light, a darkling shower,
That seem'd as if it came to barter us
For English weather that of Tartarus.
Said I a shower? Alas! the Lakes
Know not the word; for when it takes
A falling fit, the rain comes down,
As if it were resolved to drown
All it encounters then and there,
Except the prison'd Tourist's care.
'Tis not a storm that spits its spite,
Then hurries off and leaves the scene
Enliven'd with a brighter green,
And sparkling in the rainbow light.

No—'tis a straight, unceasing fall
  Of sullen, dogged, steady rain,
  Set in to last while you remain,
Enshrouding lake, shore, mountain, all,
In one impenetrable pall.

After some hours it would subside
  Into a drizzle drearier yet;
For then th' impending clouds were spied,
  Like monstrous udders—spongy, wet,
    Flapping and flagging,
    Lagging and dragging
Against the mountain sides, and spilling o'er
Whate'er they touched their inexhausted store.
None could admire such mists, except some scion
Descended from old cloud-kissing Ixion.
It might be thought the scullions of the sky
Had had a washing-day on high,
And hung their dish-clout clouds to drain, not dry:
  While Earth, in a muddle
  Of pool and of puddle,
Assumed a most bedraggled, miry mien:
  Such dripping and dropping,
  And slipping and slopping,
Save at the Lakes, was surely never seen.

Even the ducks one saw the kennel sucking,
Appear'd to quake at getting such a ducking
And, floundering through the slough, each passing man
Look'd like a sop in Earth's great dripping-pan.
And yet in these diminish'd inundations,
(There never were complete cessations,)
My guides would quit
The Taps where they had been carousing,
And try to tempt me to a sousing.
" It don't rain now, Sir, scarce a bit:
We 've mopp'd the boat, Jem Thwaytes and me;
And finer weather cannot be,
After these heavy showers and squalls,
For seeing both the Waterfalls."—
" Thank you, my friends," was my reply;
But as I 've had from morn till eve
A cataract in either eye,
I must be *couch'd*, with your good leave."
And this was done as soon as said,
For off I hurried to my bed.

" Doubtless, to-morrow 'twill give o'er,"
I whisper'd as I sank to rest;
But when the morning stood confest,

Zounds! it was wetter than before!
The sky had now been used to pour,
And seem'd to do it with a zest;
For the clouds spouted *con amore*,
And the rain reign'd in all its glory.
Oh! how I watch'd the window-pane,
Then gazed upon the blubb'ring gutter,
Then read the guide-book through again,
And 'twixt my teeth began to mutter
Curses upon this most abhorrent
And personally spiteful torrent.
My execrations had no force,
I could not dam it in its course:
Nay, it began to flow the faster,
As if to mock at my disaster.

E'en the church clock, that toll'd the hours,
Appear'd half-smother'd in the showers,
So sullenly its muffled knell
Boom'd through the heavy air around.
Sick of the wet and weary sound,
In mere despair I rang the bell:—
"Waiter!" said I, "d'ye think this weather
Will long continue?"—"No, Sir, no;

I shouldn't wonder in the least,
If in a week or two it ceased,
And gave us two fine days together!
Some shifts of wind they sets it going,
Others they sets it faster flowing;
But still, you know, Sir, there's no knowing."—
Pleasant and shrewd.—"But tell me, pray,
Have you no public show or sight
To which a wretched Tourist may
Fly from Aquarius's spite?"—
"Oh! yes, Sir, yes; the gentlefolks
Goes now and then to Mr. Noakes,
Who has a show uncommon fine,
Something in the Museum line."—
"Got a Museum, say you? That's
A sight I'll see though Jove's decanter
Pour cats and dogs, and dogs and cats.—
Which is the house? I'm off instanter."
Behold me then, umbrella'd, booted,
Great-coated and envelop'd duly
In triple wraps—in fact, just suited
To face a Lake-ish day in July,
Dabbling and waddling,
Splashing and paddling,

To the Museum, where I found
A covey of amphibious peasants,
Standing in Mr. Noakes's presence,
With their dab-chicks all dripping round,
And all their mouths and goggle eyes
Wide open with profound surprise.
" Ladies and gemmen," said the showman,
Raising his magisterial wand,
" You 'll all be pleased to understand
You mustn't chatter-mag, for no man
Can tell his story out of hand,
If, when he 's stating all his factses,
You bothers him, and questions axes."

" This here (it 's number one) that 's hung
Those Ethiopian birds among,
Is an Owhyhee tomahawk."—
" Whew !" cried a crone, " It look, good lauk !
More like a handsaw nor a hawk.—
Bees that a hawk ?—What say ye, Tommy ?"
" Naw, that it baint, I'm sartain, Mommy."—
"Silence !" commanded Mr. Noakes ;
"Please to attend to me, good folks.—
This is a whinkam, whankam, wham,
Or statue of the Goddess Isis,

Brought from the islands called the Sandwich;
Because the natives are a band which
Cut their war-prisoners into slices,
As we do ham,
And eat them with their bread and butter,
A thing most horrible to utter!
This here's their bludgeon which they uses
In sea or land-fights, as they chooses."—
"Why then," quoth I, "these savages
Have got, to give our pride a rub,
Their own United Service Club."—
("Pray, Sir, be silent if you please.")—
"This is the fork that match'd the knife
With which Peg Nicholson intended
To take the late King's precious life
Before his reign was rightly ended."—
"Wounds!" cried a Westmorland beholder,
"The fork do look for all the world
Like that with which I eat my bacon,
Only that mine be somewhat older."
Quoth Noakes, with lip in scorn up-curl'd,
"Sir, you are monstrously mistaken;
It's not the least like any other,
And never had an elder brother."

"This is the Indian calumet,
Or pipe of peace, the end ont's broken."—
"Call it," cried I, "by that same token,
(When a new catalogue you get,)
A piece of pipe, not pipe of peace."—
("Pray, Sir, be silent if you please.")—
"That animal is call'd, up there,
The great Ant-eater from Bengal."—
"Lauk!" screamed a child, "the horrid creatur!
If he be such a great aunt-eater,
Do pray, Aunt Polly, have a care,
Or he may eat you, crutch and all!
So prythee, prythee, this way hobble
Lest he should gulp you at a gobble."—
"La! Miss," cried Noakes, and blandly smiled,
"He do look just like life, it 's true:
But don't be frighten'd, little child!
The beast's no more alive than you.—
These crooked horns were all imported
Straight from Cape Horn; but how they call
The beasts by whom they were supported,
I never couldn't larn at all;
And hope I needn't make apology
For knowing nought of Hornithology.

"This is a Chinese shoe that pinches
A lady's foot within four inches:—
Here's a Rhinoceros's egg;—
This drawing shows you a flea's leg;
But whether 'tis the leg behind,
Or that before, I cannot find,
Not being larned in phlebotomy,
Nor over skilful in anatomy.—
This finger in the bottle 's one
Of Edward the Black Prince's:—See!
It's black as ink itself;—so none
Can doubt its authenticity.
This is a Polecat from the Pole,
Right underneath the great Equator;
And this a Roman painted Bowl:
How wond'rous are the works of Nature!—
Here is a Lynx, whose fiery eyes
Have caused us to call flambeaux links;
And a Chameleon, changing dyes
At will, although it never drinks
Nor eats, except a sup of air:—
I can't say I should like such fare.—
Now please to open all your eyes

This rarest rarity of all,
In the glass-case against the wall,
Is Cromwell's head, my greatest prize,
With vouchers giving true and full
Proof that it is his genuine skull."—
"Softly," cried I: "I've seen a head
At Oxford, which is also said
To have been Cromwell's, proved as such,
By all the certified contents
Of most authentic documents,
And that was larger,—larger much."—
"What odds if mine be summat less?"
Ask'd Noakes: "this head that I'm a-showing
Might have been his, as any fool may guess,
When he was young, and hadn't done a-growing."—
Thus did he blunder through his task,
While I maliciously would ask
Questions of Noakes, intended to hoax,
And turn into jokes, all he said to the folks,
Who, pleased with what they heard and saw,
Would burst into a broad Haw! haw!
And say, "This chop's a queer one, aint'n?"—
"Aw, he's a rare room codger, baint'n?"

The show, though not the rain, was o'er,
Which still continued, pour, pour, pour;
But wading on through thick and thin,
I swam and flounder'd to my inn,
Dined, went to bed, and closed my eyes
Amid the soothing lullabies
Of rain bespattering, windows clattering,
The spatter and sputter of every gutter,
And all the sounds of liquid clamour
That water on the ear can hammer.

Next morn the same *da capo* strain
Of everlasting rain, rain, rain.
So leaving some more patient fool
To wait till doomsday for fine days,
I pack'd my luggage, call'd a chaise,
And started back for Liverpool;
While as they laid their heads together,
The waiter to the ostler said,
"Why what a flot this chop is, Ned,
To coom to th' Lakes and hope to get fine weather!"

HINTS TO THE YOUNG NOVEL-WRITER:

WITH SPECIMENS.

> Well may we tolerate the laughing elf,
> Who in his ridicule includes himself.—ANON.

ALTHOUGH the inexorable Sir Walter Scott has destroyed, at one fell swoop, the whole class of sentimental novels, which, in the good old time of our mothers and grandmothers, formed the delight of grave goodies, pensive prosers, moping misses, didactic dowagers, lackadaisical ladies, sententious shopmen, and ruminating readers of all sorts; yet, as it is not impossible that the constant demand for novelty, which is but another word for revived antiquity, may again occasion a partial demand for this proscribed commodity, it will behove the young student to be prepared for such a contingency, in order

that he may be among the foremost to enter the lists. In this case he must bear in mind that the more trite and commonplace the sentiment, the more safely may it be introduced, and the better will it be relished by those prudent people who, very properly distrusting their own judgment, hesitate to bestow their approbation either upon a joke or an aphorism, unless it has received the imprimatur, wears the stamp of antiquity, and has been sanctioned by our wise ancestors. This predilection for the stale and the hackneyed saves a world of trouble to the writer, who, instead of seeking for original precepts and maxims, has only to transcribe those that have been handed down from the time of Solomon, with such trifling variations as may adapt them to his purpose, and save him from the charge of stealing the words as well as the sentiment ready made. His phraseology should be somewhat tumid and verbose; he will take due care to inculcate that

the virtuous are always happy, the vicious inevitably miserable; and if allusion be made to the differences of rank, he will not only positively maintain that all men must die; he will not only quote and enlarge upon the observation of Horace, that "Pallida mors equo pede pulsat," &c. but he may advantageously contrast the respective lots of the peer and the peasant, after the following ancient and approved recipe:—

SPECIMEN OF THE SENTIMENTAL.

"Happiness is a coy nymph, who flies from the train of grandeur and the gaudy palace to the poor and humble cottage.—Behold the peasant! He rises with the sun; without a fear or care, he carols to the lark as he holds the plough; the hand of Nature has painted a gay and lovely landscape to delight his eyes; an appetite acquired by labour renders his homely meal an exquisite repast; the whispering winds and the melo-

dious birds form for him a concert more ravishing than the richest prince can purchase. At night he throws himself upon his lowly crib; sweet are his slumbers, pleasant are his dreams:—so true is the remark of the poet, that 'the poppy grows amid the corn:'—unbroken is his repose, until the morning sun lights him again to welcome labour.

"Ah! how different the fate of the wealthy lord whose land he tills. His glittering star covers a bleeding heart; his ermined robe enshrouds a sickly form. Magnificent is the apartment upon which he casts his dejected eye; but does the sight gladden his soul? The slave who digs the precious ore has a chamber far more spacious, costly, and golden; and is he happy? More so perhaps than the pampered owner of the dross, who, like Tantalus, is only mocked with the sight of blessings that he cannot enjoy. Numerous and splendidly arrayed domestics encumber him with their useless help; but they

cannot, as Horace observes in his 16th Ode, drive away the cares—'laqueata circùm tecta volantes.'—The sumptuous banquet is spread before him; what a mockery! he tastes it not. Musicians exert their skill to dissipate his tædium—alas! they do but increase it. The low whispers of conscience from within will not suffer him to be soothed by the most exquisite strains from without. Jaded and disgusted, he throws himself upon his luxurious couch, but sleep is a stranger to his haggard eyes, peace an alien to his troubled bosom, &c. &c. &c. *ad libitum.*"

Sentimentalities of this description are so obvious and easy, and such an inexhaustible supply will be furnished by the extensive fields of love and jealousy, that no longer specimen is required, nor need the pains-taking student be ever at a loss for matter to eke out a chapter, or even to complete a volume. It may not, however, be amiss to

remind him, that he must always presume the great to be guilty and miserable; those in humble life to be virtuous and happy. There may be little foundation for this in nature; but the assertion is natural enough, for the writers who maintain it have generally sprung from the lower classes, and have the authority of the fox for vilipending the grapes that they are unable to reach. *Verbum sat.*

Come we now to that description of novel which, succeeding to the sentimental, and attaining its meridian fame under the magic reign of Mrs. Radcliffe, was conversant with monks, nuns, banditti, bravoes, haunted ruins, sepulchral vaults, dreams, omens, charnel horrors, and ghastly spectres;—which found its appropriate soil in Spain or Italy;—and enabled the writer to luxuriate in long-winded and long-sighted descriptions of scenery which generally afforded a view of a convent in a picturesque valley, a ruined

castle on a rocky precipice, and an occasional peep through an abrupt ravine, or the branches of a gigantic chestnut-tree, at the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, dotted here and there with a white sail, the background being terminated with the snowy peaks of Alps, Apennines, or Pyrenees. In this class of Novel, a mystery and a spectre, or supernatural appearance of some sort, are indispensable ingredients; once at least must your hero serenade his mistress under the walls of her convent; three times at least should the thoughts of your heroine involuntarily arrange themselves into eight or ten laboured stanzas; both must be in the habit of mentally soliloquizing; and your work should have an appalling title, to which attention must be drawn by two or three notes of admiration. Since the death of Mrs. Radcliffe and the decline of her immediate imitators, these works have fallen into disrepute. A few, however, still issue from the

Minerva Press to mystify and startle the Blue-stockings of Bermondsey, the Sugar-bakers' wives of Goodman's Fields, and the romantic spinsters of Redriffe; and as there is no saying how soon the caprices of fashion may recall this now neglected class into its former favour and celebrity, we subjoin for the use of the assiduous student a

SPECIMEN OF THE MYSTERIOUS AND THE SUPERNATURAL.

THE MYSTERIOUS OWL!!! AND THE BLEEDING SKELETON!!!

A ROMANCE.

Avaunt!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.—SHAKSPEARE.

"ALFONSO, having arrayed himself in the hood and mantle of Madelina, which he had

procured for the purpose of this disguise, took his station upon the eastern terrace of the castle, a little before midnight, where he had not long remained when two bravoes, wrapped in long cloaks, suddenly seized each of his arms, exclaiming, 'Not a word, Lady, or your life is in danger! Signora! you must accompany us instantly to the boat!' To deceive them the more readily into the belief that they had really got possession of Madelina, Alfonso pretended to faint away, in which plight they bore him along the terrace, and seated him in a boat that was waiting under its walls, and which floated down the stream for some time without a word being uttered. It was at length stopped: Alfonsa was lifted out, and, leaning with feigned weakness on the arms of his conductors, was hurried along the avenue of gloomy cypress-trees that led to the convent of St. Dorothea. All seemed hushed in sleep within its vast and

mournful walls; a deep and awful silence reigned around. The gates were cautiously unclosed, and again fastened without noise, when his attendants walked on tiptoe to a second smaller gate, which was unbarred and again secured with the same precaution as before. Here they were joined by Father Pietro, who seeing a female figure, and imagining that they had succeeded in their object, devoutly exclaimed, 'Glory be to St. Dorothea! Benedicite, my sons! This way, this way.' So saying, he led them through several long and dark passages, and had apparently reached the extremity of the building, when he stopped, drew a key from his bosom, opened a low door, ushered Alfonso into a small cell, and retired with his companions, after having secured the door on the outside.

"'By all that is wonderful!' mentally soliloquized Alfonso, 'this is a wild and plea-

sant adventure! Little think the holy sisters who are sleeping around me, of the new inmate their convent has obtained. Hah! a guitar hanging to the wall, and a couch in the recess!—these are unexpected accommodations." He threw himself upon the bed, not sorry to obtain a little repose after the perilous exertions of the previous day; but scarcely had he closed his eyes, when he heard a casement open in the adjoining cell, and a deep-drawn sigh reached his ears. Starting suddenly up at the sound, he ran to his own window, which he gently opened. On the tufted trees and surrounding cloisters of the gloomy convent-garden the moonbeams reposed in cold tranquillity; not a leaf moved; all was dead and hushed, and he was about to return to his bed, when the dulcet notes of a theorbo stole upon the silence of night, and a plaintive voice exclaimed, 'Never, never can I forget him: never

can the thoughts of him I love be banished from my mind !'

" ' Heavens !' cried Alfonso passionately, ' what sounds are these ? It is—it is the voice of my beloved, my long-lost Clara !'

" He listened with breathless anxiety—the theorbo again sounded, and as the thoughts of the songstress unconsciously lapsed into rhyme, the same voice of soft and mournful melody sang as follows :—

I.

" Sweet is the sadness of the Night,
And dear her silent reign,
And pleasant is her mournful light
To those who love in vain !

II.

" To yon pale Moon that o'er me soars
Which dim through tears I see,
E'en now, perchance, Alfonso pours
His fervent vows for me.

III.

"The breeze whose sobs from yonder glade
In moaning whispers rise,
Perchance around his lips has play'd,
And wafts Alfonso's sighs.

IV.

"Yes, mine Alfonso, even here,
From every joy apart,
The thoughts of thee my bosom cheer,
And soothe my throbbing heart.

V.

"By day thy present image seems
To chase each tear away;
Then stay to soothe my troubled dreams,—
Stay, mine Alfonso, stay!

"Transported with an indescribable joy at finding that his beloved, and thus unexpectedly discovered Clara retained for him an undiminished affection, Alfonso snatched the

guitar from the wall, and his feelings spontaneously threw themselves into the following

"SERENADE.

I.

"Wake, my love, my life, my dearest!
'Tis thine own Alfonso cries;
'Tis thy lover's voice thou hearest;
Rise, my lovely Clara, rise!

II.

"While each heart in peace reposes,
Mine is rack'd with tender fears;
While each eye in slumber closes,
Mine is doom'd to wake in tears.

III.

"Yet my soul is still a stranger
To despair's unhallow'd mien;
Love embolden'd is by danger;
Hope through tears is brightest seen.

IV.

"Yes, their triumph shall be fleeting:
Fleeting shall our sorrows be:
While this heart with life is beating,
Clara, it shall beat for thee.

V.

"Nought shall e'er of love bereave me;
Nought its fervent power control:
Dearest! thou shalt never leave me,
Till in death I yield my soul.

VI.

"Wake, my love, my life, my dearest!
'Tis thine own Alfonso cries;
'Tis thy lover's voice thou hearest,
Rise, my lovely Clara, rise!

"Hearing nothing further, he closed the window, and again threw himself upon the bed, when the most delicious scenes of love and joy danced before his imagination. With his delighting and delighted Clara he wan-

dered along the flower-enamelled mead, when the vermeil tints of Aurora imparted their first blush to the sky, listening to the murmured hymn of the brook, or the matin song of the lark, while Nature smiled around, and all was happiness and peace. But a moment's reflection made this glittering bubble burst, and he beheld himself and the weeping mistress of his heart prisoners in a Convent!

"Early in the morning he arose, threw off his female disguise, and when one of his last night's conductors entered bearing a basket of provisions, he seized him suddenly by the collar, held his drawn sword to his throat, and exclaimed, 'Villain! tremble at the outrage you have committed in bringing me hither! The immaculate St. Dorothea appeared to me in the night, arrayed me in the garb you now behold, revealed to me that Clara Guadini is confined in the adjoining cell, and gave me this sword, command-

ing me to plunge it in your bosom should you refuse to aid in our escape. Determine instantly, or die!'—

"Awed and terrified at what he deemed to be an unquestionable miracle, Stefano — for such was the name of the man—eagerly consented to assist them; observing, however, that they must wait till night, when he would exchange clothes with Alfonso, who in this disguise might pass unsuspected out of the Convent, taking his mistress with him, concealed in Father Pietro's roquelaure and hood, which he not only undertook to purloin for the purpose, but to apprise Clara of their plan, and provide a carriage, with four fleet mules, for their escape.

"They only who have been doomed to count the minutes as they slowly brought on the crisis of their fate, can imagine the deep and thrilling anxiety of Alfonso! It seemed as if the night would never arrive, but it came

at last, and Stefano again appeared, bringing with him the roquelaure of Father Pietro, which Alfonso took, after having changed clothes with his companion, and stole on tip-toe to Clara's cell. Heavens! how his heart palpitated when he again pressed her to his bosom! But this was not a moment for congratulations or endearments. 'Hush, my beloved!" he fondly whispered, 'our safety, perhaps our lives depend on silence.' He threw the roquelaure over Clara, drew the hood around her face, led her through the long and lonely galleries, and was passing through the outer gate, when the porter exclaimed, 'Ah, Stefano, whither are you and Father Pietro bound on such a blustering night as this? Santa Maria! your cloak is loose, and the air blows piercingly; let me button it round your throat.'

"'Psha!' cried the terrified Alfonso, turning away, and imitating as well as he could

the gruff voice of Stefano, 'twill do well enough.'

"'Go to! thou wert always a peevish churl!' said the porter, closing the wicket; when Alfonso hastened forwards to the extremity of the garden-wall, helped the trembling Clara into the carriage, jumped in after her, and in another moment they were dashing along the road to Aquileia, the mules being kept at full speed until the morning broke in unrivalled beauty and splendour. (Here the writer may give a full, true, and particular account of the scenery, for which his imagination has a *carte blanche*, though it is indispensable that through the branches of gigantic pines and larches, a white sail or two should be seen skimming like swans the deep-blue surface of the distant gulf of Venice; that a chamois should now and then bound athwart the road; and that the travellers should catch occasional glimpses of the Alps or the

mountains of the Tyrol, their snowy summits blushing with the roseate tints of morning. In point of fact, neither of these ranges can be seen from the road to Aquileia; but that is not the writer's fault, and the reader should feel only the more indebted to him for a pleasure that he could not have enjoyed had he been upon the spot. The hunter's horn should occasionally be heard mingling with the jingling of the bells of mules toiling up the steep ascent, and the voices of their drivers chaunting a hymn to the Virgin, &c. &c.)

"Our travellers, pursuing their way until the mists of the evening gathered round them, had now commenced a long and steep descent, the carriage had stopped, and the driver had dismounted to remedy some defect in the harness, when Clara suddenly started on hearing a loud shriek, and looking up she beheld an owl perched

on the top of a cross, set up by the road-side. The bird of ill omen fixed its staring eyes upon her with an intent gaze that seemed to possess the power of fascination; and her heart sank within her, for she immediately recognised the same mysterious owl that she had seen perched upon the skull of the bleeding skeleton, on the fatal night when Bernardo was murdered. Its sinister and transfixing looks were at length averted; it raised itself slowly in the air, and again shrieked dismally as it passed over the carriage. Clara's eyes returned to the cross, upon which she read by the help of the rising moon the following inscription: 'Glory to the Blessed Virgin, Amen!—Sacred to the memory of Giacomo Philippi, who was murdered by robbers upon this spot, while travelling with offerings to the shrine of Saint Dorothea.—Pilgrims, pray for his soul! Passengers, beware!'

" The melancholy that pervaded her bosom was now tinctured with alarm and awe: a reverential fear took possession of her soul, and her looks remained riveted to the cross, till they again drove on.

" ' Alfonso,' she timidly exclaimed, ' some strange and mysterious event awaits us: I know it by the boding voice of this bird of ill omen. Thus, thus did it haunt us when we saw the bleeding spectre—when Bernardo was murdered !'

" Alfonso was about to ridicule her prognostications as utterly groundless, when, upon reaching the middle of the descent, a shrill whistle sounded. The carriage suddenly stopped; a clashing of swords was heard, and the door was rudely forced open. Alfonso would have defended himself, but he was surrounded with armed men of wild and ferocious aspect, who dashed the sword from his hand, dragged him from the vehicle, and

hurried him, as well as the fainting Clara, up some steep steps cut in the bank, till they halted at the door of a ruined building, which, upon a signal, was opened, and they passed into a lofty and extensive chamber, in the centre of which other armed men were stretched around a fire, while some were dressing victuals. The captain of the banditti, for such they were, now entering with the remainder of the band, exclaimed—

"'Come, my lads, we have gleaned successfully to-day from the pilgrims, and we will therefore have a carousal in honour of our good friend St. Dorothea, whose rifled offerings will well pay the piper.'

"A large lamp hanging in the centre of the enclosure was now lighted, when Clara discovered, to her no small amazement, that they were sitting in a ruined church! The stone table which had formerly been the altar was covered with swords, fire-

arms, plunder of all sorts, and cans of liquor; part of the sacred building had been turned into a stable, and the choir was filled with tubs and rubbish. Supper was presently prepared, and eagerly demolished. Some spread their meal upon the surrounding tombs, others on the pavement beneath the altar, while a third party, having dispatched their meal, were extended on the ground gaming, and rattling their dice on the half obliterated inscription of a monumental stone. Clara almost expected that the ghosts of the holy persons who were mouldering around would peep from their sepulchres to scare these sacrilegious revellers. As the lamp threw its light along the dim aisles, she gazed upon the massy pillars, broken images, and crumbling tombs, partially revealed in the distance, until her looks fell upon a statue, whose eyes, gleaming in the ghastly light, seemed to stare upon

her with amazement, when, with an involuntary shudder, she turned aside her head, and drew near to Alfonso.

"The wine circulated freely, the vociferous clamour of the party increased, and the captain exclaimed in a tone that overpowered all others: 'Come, Gualtero, let us have a song!'—'A song! a song!' shouted several of his companions; in obedience to which call, Gualtero emptied his flagon, seated himself on the edge of a dilapidated monument, and in a deep bass voice gave the following:—

"ROBBER'S SONG.

I.

"Black and dark is all around;
Sable clouds o'erspread the sky;
Tempests sweep the trembling ground;
Midnight reigns; no soul is nigh,
None but the wolf that howls reply
To our hey down, ho down, down derry down!

II.

"Hark! the owl affrighted screams
At the murder'd traveller's ghost,
As amid the trees it gleams.
Madman! why provoke our host?
His soul's repose shall be our toast,
With our hey down, ho down, down derry down!

III.

"Those beneath, in death and gloom,
Starting as their vaults resound,
Shall wake and listen in the tomb;
And as our rattling cans go round,
The ghosts shall shriek and join the sound
Of our hey down, ho down, down derry down!

IV.

"Thus we live without control,
Fearing neither priest nor king:
Though the fiercest thunders roll
Dauntless still we drink and sing,—
Sing, boys, sing, and make the roof ring
To our hey down, ho down, down derry down!

"The singer was a short swarthy villain: his wild ferocious face was overgrown with bushy hair; and as he fixed his eyes, glaring from beneath his dark-knitted brows, upon Clara, her heart involuntarily sank within her; for she felt that her fate was by some undeveloped mystery indissolubly involved in that of Gualtero.

"Giving them both the most solemn assurances of protection, the captain of the robbers conducted Alfonso and Clara to the separate apartments in which they were to pass the night.

"That destined to Alfonso had formerly been an oratory. A large crucifix still remained affixed to the wall; and in an opposite corner stood a fragment of a reading desk, surmounted by a skull sculptured in wood, but so closely resembling the reality, that he at first doubted its being an imitation. Fears for Clara's safety, and a strange

inexplicable gloom weighed heavy upon his soul; but he threw himself upon his pallet, and at length fell asleep. A frightful dream soon disturbed his rest. He imagined himself to be standing beside a newly made grave, within which he beheld a man armed with a dagger, who suddenly seized and attempted to stab him. In the struggle to escape, he awoke and started up. The moonbeam, piercing through the ivy and shattered glass, fell upon the skull above the reading-desk, imparting to it a horrible ghastliness; but nothing moved around him, and a profound stillness reigned within the chamber, until it was thrillingly broken by the loud and wailful screech of an owl! He recognised the peculiar note of that identical bird by which he had already, on more than one occasion, been so mysteriously warned, and an undefined awe trembled at his heart.

"Again he sank to sleep, and again the

same dream presenting itself to his imagination, he started up as before, and gazed fearfully around. The hollow sockets of the moon-lighted skull seemed to glare upon him; the owl screeched twice, and he became sensible of an increased mysterious terror: but he attempted to reason, or to ridicule himself out of the belief in portents and omens, and, after some delay, again sank to sleep.

"How inscrutable are the visions of the night! A third time the same dream revisited him, even more distinctly than before,—so powerfully affecting his imagination that he jumped from his pallet, crying out, 'What, ho!—Help! Murder! murder!'

"'Murder! murder!' solemnly re-echoed through the hollow pile, and all was again hushed: a pause ensued, when the owl screeched thrice; and shortly after, the moonlight that streamed through the ivy became

suddenly darkened; the owl flew forcibly against the broken glass, striking it with its wings, and again screeched louder than before, as if purposely to rouse and call him away!!

"'Mysterious summoner, I come — I come!' cried Alphonso in an awe-stricken whisper. 'That warning may be sent me by my good angel: whatever be the result, I will seek the spot indicated in my dream.'

"Cautiously and without noise he opened the door;—the interior of the building was in darkness, so that he was obliged to grope his way among the tombs and ruins; in doing which, he threw down a sepulchral urn upon the pavement. Sullenly resounded the echo through the vaulted edifice, and his blood ran cold within him, for he expected every moment to hear the approach of the robbers; but the noise seemed to have alarmed no one

but himself—all was again still. As he proceeded, the light piercing through a small gothic window enabled him without difficulty to reach the spot where they had supped, which he approached on tiptoe and with suppressed breath. By the glimmering of the expiring lamp he perceived several of the robbers stretched in sleep amid the confused remains of the feast. He drew the sword belonging to one of the men from its scabbard without disturbing him, and stepping across the extended bodies of others, stole on tiptoe to the door. Having seen it carefully secured by the captain, his surprise was equal to his joy when he found that it was open, and that he was thus enabled to effect his escape without the smallest difficulty.

"He now found himself in the churchyard: it was midnight; the air blew coldly, and there was a solemnity in the silence of this

abode of the dead that might have awed the least superstitious, and which, conjoined with the mysterious nature of the summons he had received, sent a wild shuddering undefinable fear through his tingling veins. Cautiously stepping over the graves, he crept round the exterior of the ruined chapel in which he had slept, and came into the moonlight, when lo! the scene of his dream was before him!—'Sancta Maria!' he exclaimed, 'I see a new-made grave—a man is in it! Heavens! it is Gualtero! He gets out;—he lifts up a female who lies seemingly lifeless on the ground.—Dio Grande! it is Clara!!'

"Uttering a loud cry, he darted like lightning to the spot; when, turning round at his approach, the villain raised his poniard in the exact attitude painted in the dream; but Alfonso caught his uplifted arm with one hand, and with the other plunged his sword

into his body. With a dreadful groan the bleeding wretch fell backwards, and, writhing in agony, rolled blaspheming into the grave that he had dug for another. Revived by the tender voice of her lover, Clara started up, exclaiming—'Let us fly—let us fly!—the robbers are still asleep—we have not a moment to lose!' Love, hope, and fear so far restored her exhausted energies, that by the assistance of Alfonso's arm she was enabled to reach the road to Aquileia, along which they travelled till a glimmering rosy tinge that softly diffused itself over the distant horizon announced the dawn of day; the stars gradually ceased to twinkle, the moon melted into the stealing light, and Alfonso proposed that his companion, whose debility now became evident, should rest herself upon a fallen tree by the road-side, and relate to him the frightful adventures of the night, and the particulars of the peril

from which he had so critically rescued her. She seated herself accordingly, and uttering a deep sigh exclaimed—'Oh, my faithful Alfonso! my brave preserver! said I not that my fate was mysteriously bound up with that of the villain Gualtero?—said I not that the dark-omened owl was the messenger of doom? It appeared to me again in the night:—it warned me thrice.—Ah me, my heart! Let me rest awhile before I commence the horrible recital.'

"Alfonso entreated her to lean upon his shoulder and compose herself, which she accordingly did for a few minutes, and was then about to begin her harrowing narrative, when they perceived a carriage coming along the road in the direction to Aquileia. This was the only thing wanting to complete their happiness; for if they could procure a conveyance in this vehicle, it would soon carry

them beyond the reach of the robbers, and bear them to the town they were so anxious to reach. When it came up to them, Alfonso accordingly requested the driver to stop, and advanced to the door of the carriage. The window was let down, and the person withinside put out his head, which Clara had no sooner seen than she uttered a loud scream, exclaiming—'Santissima Maria! it is my father!'

"Yes, it was indeed Signor Guadini; who, being scarcely able to trust the evidence of his senses, ejaculated—'Madre del Cielo! what do I see?—Clara, my daughter! and with Signor Alfonso!'

"Surprise being quickly succeeded by indignation, he leaped hastily to the ground. —'Unhappy girl!' he continued, 'what have you done?—how! have you dared to fly from the convent? But you shall be re-

conducted to it, never to quit it more. Enter the carriage instantly.—Signor Alfonso, as you value your life, stand aloof.'

"He drew his sword, and stepped towards Clara.

"'Advance, Signor, at your peril!' cried Alfonso, extending his weapon. 'Death alone shall deprive me of my affianced wife.'

"Fury was in their eyes, desperation in their hearts: they were rushing at each other with brandished weapons, when lo! the bleeding skeleton which had presented itself to Alfonso and Clara on the night of Bernardo's murder suddenly appeared again between them; the mysterious owl perched upon its skull, screeched once—twice—thrice; the spectre waved its bony hand, moved its fleshless jaw, and in a sepulchral soul-thrilling voice uttered these awful words——!!!"

When the writers of tales in our old Magazines came to a harrowing crisis of this sort, instead of gratifying the curiosity of the reader, who was naturally all agog for the dread utterings of the apparition, they usually fobbed him with the following notice—*(To be continued in our next)*; by which means they secured the sale of the succeeding number. Upon a similar principle it may not be amiss for the student in novel-writing to terminate his first volume somewhat after the fashion of the preceding extract; but this, as well as the words to be put into the mouth of the bleeding skeleton, we leave to his own taste and judgment.

Come we now to the Historical Novel, which, being the highest department of the art, should be attempted by none but those learned antiquaries and profound scholars who have not only turned over the plates of the Archæologia, the Monumenta Vetusta,

Dr. Meyrick's Ancient Armour, the Gentleman's Magazine, and similar rare and erudite publications, but who have carefully read at least one History of England all through, and have dipped here and there, according to the demands of their subject, into Stowe, Hollingshed, Hall, or some other of our old chronicles. No one is expected to read the whole of these ponderous tomes; what is required will generally be found without trouble by a recurrence to the index, or by means of a few books of reference, such as chronological and biographical dictionaries, compendiums, historical charts, &c. Mangnall's Questions, and some other of our higher-class school-books, should always be kept at hand; for no grown-up author, however retentive may be his memory, can be expected to recollect all that he knew when a boy. These preliminary studies being completed, and his indices, alphabets, tables,

and references being ranged before him in the most convenient and accessible form possible, the tyro in historical novel-writing may set to work with great confidence, well assured that if he cannot rival Sir Walter Scott in the matchless genius and skill with which he assimilates his whole story to the spirit of the age in which it is cast, or in that penetrating knowledge of human nature which imparts so much truth and individuality to his characters, he may at least compete with him in that minuteness of detail and antiquarian exactitude, more especially in the costumes which are so copiously used as accessories by the great Wizard of the North. As to the style, provided that it be not modern English, but as quaint and obsolete as possible, the young novelist has a right of free-warren over all ages and dialects,—the Babel confusion of tongues will only enable him to build up his edifice the

better; and his pictures will show the more curious and antique from being made up of shreds and patches, brought together from all quarters, and jumbled into an unnatural representation of Nature, like the figures in a tesselated pavement.

Next in importance is the consideration of chronological accuracy, and the conveyance of as much antiquarian lore and historical information as can be collected without too much trouble; for a novel of this description is a sort of Omnibus for dates and facts of all sorts; and as many prudent mammas, sage aunts, and judicious governesses, suffer their pupils to read such works, to the exclusion of all lighter productions, under the notion that there is always something of real value to be learnt from them, it behoves the caterer for these grave and discriminating judges to give them as much of this important information as can be con-

veniently woven into the narrative, or appended to it in the form of notes. Care must however be taken not to hide the fruit with the leaves, not to entangle the text with a net of glossary, not to make your story resemble Sir John Cutler's stockings, which had been so thickly patched, darned, and overlaid, that the original material could no longer be recognized; not, in short, to place your reader in the predicament of the rustic who complained that he could not see London for the houses. Here it is that the author must show his tact and judgment, by selecting such subjects only for elaborate description as are really worth the research, and assigning exact dates to no other occurrences than those which he is imperatively bound to fix and determine, out of a just regard to the history and literature of our country. Horace tells us that 'segniùs irritant animos,' &c. The quotation is somewhat

musty, amounting, in fact, to no more than our own old homely dictum, that example is better than precept: in the belief of which saying, we shall not detain the ingenuous beginner by any longer instruction in the first principles of his art, but recommend to his attentive study, in illustration of the remarks that have preceded, as well as of all those that were intended to follow, the ensuing brief but pithy

SPECIMEN OF A HISTORICAL NOVEL.

THE CHALLENGE.

"Plague on't!" says Time to Thomas Hearne,
"Whatever I forget you learn!"

"'SING hey! nonny no! pipe tirlye, tirlowe!' cried Geoffrey, one of the yeomen of the pantry, who had been making somewhat too free with the cans, cups, and cruises at

the Buttery Hatch, and pushed his way towards the enclosed lists with but slender respect of persons. 'Now may I sing Vogue la Galère, and a fico for care, thanks to the steward's Shrewsbury ale and the largesse of his Grace our right noble King Henry the Eighth, whom God preserve! —What, Master Page, art thou here?—

'Ah, Robin, jolly Robin!
Tell me how thy leman doth.'

"'Beshrew thee for an errant knave and a tippling varlet to boot!' cried the Page; 'hie thee hence, nor thrust thus thy beer-soken visage among the gentles, or by Our Lady! I will crack thy costard with my sword belt.—Marry! this is no place, I trow, for such rat-takers* as thou, unless

* The name of the rat-taker in the 30 Hen. VIII. was John Woolley.—See Nicolas's Household Book of Henry VIII. p. 371. The establishment of this fact alone stamps a value upon the work.

the royal manor of Greenwich be changed into Paris bear-garden; so once more troop, I say, goodman Patch.'*

"'Patch, sayst thou, Patch?—Why, thou malapert minion, thou knipper-dolling, thou puff, thou dab-chick, thou crowing young cockerel! go pawn thy child's whistle or thy squirrel's chain, and purchase thee a beard, or ere thou bestowest such scurril terms on an honest yeoman of the pantry. —Let me pass, I say, thou prating popinjay, or by the mass! I will pummel thee with my battoon!'

"'Back, thou ruffling roysterer, thou base Besognio and puckfist!—back to thy shields of brawn, gammons of bacon, black-jacks,

* Patch was the name of Cardinal Wolsey's favourite fool, whose celebrity occasioned the word to be subsequently applied to all others of the same profession. Some account of this interesting character will be found in Dr. Nott's Life of Wyatt.

and hooped beer-pots, unless thou wishest that the next man-at-arms should leave the mark of his halbert upon thy shoulders. —What! art thou for orange pies,* marchpane, quince-cakes, swans, lampreys, capons, muscadine and romagna, instead of the meslin† bread, mammocks, salt fish, and stale beer out of the draffit, thou swine-face?'

"'And art thou, my prating princox, a knight's son, to ride in parks with furs and foot-cloth upon an ambling palfrey, to carry

* Orange-pies were a great rarity. On the 21st day of March 1530, I find the following entry in the Royal Household Book, "Paied to a S'v'nt of my Lady Sideneys, in reward for bringing of orange pyes, vj. s. viii. d., and again v. s. on the 6th April 1532, for the same service."—But for our Antiquaries, these facts might have been unknown!

† Meslin bread was a mixture of rye, barley, and wheat.—See Antiq. Rep. vol. iv. p. 12.

a feather in thy cap, a dagger in thy belt, and a tassel gentle, or eyas hawk upon thy broidered glove,* that thou crackest after this stately fashion? Believe me, thou dandyprat, thou wert not born to wear the gilded spurs, but rather to turn the spit under the yeoman cook, and lick the dripping for thy pains.'†

"'Twit! Sir Duck of the Dunghill, what can I expect from such fowl as thou but foul words? Canst give me fee or guerdon if I suffer thee to pass?"

* Gloves were forbidden to be imported by the 4th Edw. IV. An. 1464. For their prices in 1547, see Archæologia, vol. xxi. p. 472.

† The turnspit-boys of the royal household were entitled to the reversion of the dripping, after an eighth part had been set aside for the use of the yeoman cook. For the discovery of this curious and important fact, so illustrative of our ancient history, I am indebted to my learned friend Griesley Lardner, Esq. of Tallow-chandlers' Hall.

"'Nought have I to give thee but a gram-mercy; for my purse hath cast its calf, and not a farthing have I left to buy me a couple of pickled herrings, or even mustard to eat with them.'*

"'Sith thou hast not the validome of a copper to line thy purse, and nought but a fool's head to line thy thrum-cap,† here thou

* At a public sale, the Author was so fortunate as to pick up, for the trifling sum of £14, one of the stray leaves of Henry VIII.'s Privy Purse-book, the loss of which is so feelingly lamented by its editor. By this inestimable document it appears that in 1532 pickled herrings were sold *two* for a farthing, and not *three* as asserted in the Antiq. Rep. v. 4. p. 96. The Author is proud that he can thus definitively settle this curious controversy, so long agitated in the Gentleman's Magazine. In the Northumberland Household Book, mustard for the scullery is rated at 2½d. the gallon.—See Hearne's Edit. Gloucester's Chron.

† Thrum, the end of the weaver's warp.—Etymon. Ling. Angl.

passest not, and so good den. Nay, an thou wilt force the barrier, I will serve thee as I did old Tony Fulton of Lewes last St. Erkenwald's Day, and break thy shin with my wand of office.'*

"'Out upon thee, saucy manikin! Beshrew me an I pass not into the barrier, though the Seneschal and his guards were all to bid me nay with their partisans and demilances. So, descend from thy great horse, and play me no more of thy gambados.'

* Anthony Fulton, being dismissed from the palace for a brawl with one of the pages, retired to Lewes, where he carried on the business of a scavenger and nightman, and was buried 6th October 1541, as appears by the register of St. Thomas's Church. There is a poor cobbler of the same name, possibly a descendant, now living in Watergate Lane, Lewes. There are a good many Fultons also settled at Hogs Norton. Ann of Cleves, after her separation from Henry, retired also to Lewes, where may be still seen the house in which she resided.

"The stout yeoman of the buttery, having, as we stated, indulged rather too freely in the potations procured by the royal largesse, began to climb the barrier; and would presently have overmastered the feeble resistance of the page who had been stationed at the gate, but that at this moment the trumpets and cornets blew up a glorious flourish that made the air thrill: the people shouted out, with a loud clapping of hands, 'The King! the King!' and the halberdiers of the guard, coming up and finding that the yeoman did not fall back when bidden, struck him to the ground, and so cleared a way for the royal party to pass within the barrier, with the lords, knights, squires, and pursuivants that attended them. The King, upon whose breast there hung a gorgeous Agnus Dei, was attired after a fresh and lusty fashion, wearing a robe of figured silver damask cloth, thickly ribbed with seventeen

stripes of cloth of gold;* an outer mantle of crimson velvet, cantled with forty-six different inlayings of precious stones; and a plumed flat cap of purple velvet, with a button of thirty-nine diamonds over each ear. On either hand he wore a white doe-skin glove, made by the then famous Hugo Morris;† and on his feet were shoes of the same material, embroidered with four red roses by the Flemish artist Jan Vanhoogan, third cousin

* See "Whitaker's Craven" for the materials of state dresses. Every one recollects the lines addressed to the Queen of France on her marriage with Charles Brandon:—

"Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself to cloth of frize."

† He left a hundred marks to the Mercer's Company, (as appears by their books,) died of a surfeit after one of their dinners, and was buried at St. Mary's Aldermanbury on Christmas-day 1549.

to the celebrated painter Hans Holbein.* But the Lady Margaret Douglas, the King's niece, who walked by his side, attracted all eyes, not less by her beauty than by the splendour of her apparel, which was of the newest mode. Over a figured farthingale of red Bruges satin she wore a French gown of black damask, with wide Venice sleeves, and a placard of the same, all edged with four-inch budge,† and fastened with a broach of our Lady of Pity. Her partlet of lawn was pointed with passement lace of gold, having

* Vanhoogan returned to Flanders by the Nautilus schooner of eighty-five tons, Captain Hacklestone, 4th June 1530. Holbein had a salary of two hundred florins from the King, and is almost the only artist known to have worked with the left-hand.—See Walpole's Anecdotes. He died of the plague, 1554, and, according to Strype, was buried in St. Catherine Cree Church.

† Budge, lambskin fur usually worn by grave and learned persons. Whence Milton's phrase,—"Those budge doctors of the stoic fur."

tassels of twenty-six twists in each, three inches and a quarter in length. All the fingers of her right-hand sparkled with rich and enamelled rings,—one presenting a portrait of the King, one of Mrs. Blanch Twyford,* the third of the Lady Bulstrode,† and the fourth was a curious gimmal;‡ but upon the

* This name occurs more than once in the Household Book. As her first cousin went to school with Lady Margaret's niece, it is quite natural that her Ladyship should carry her miniature in a ring.

† This lady might well be a favourite at Court; for we find by the Household Book, that on the 20th November 1529, she sent a present of "Cheses to ye King's grace;" on the first of April 1530, "a present of Appulles;" and on the 24th April 1531, her servant received a reward of 7s. 6d. for "taking up the King's blac sacre."

‡ An elaborate dissertation on gimmel, or double rings, illustrated by engravings, may be found in the Archæologia, vol. xxii.—See also Gent. Mag. vol. liii. liv. and lv.

other hand, although it contained the same number of fingers, she carried no rings. Her ears, of which she had two, were decked with hoops of pearl supporting small enamels,—the one on the right representing Bosworth Field battle, that on the left a view of Eltham Palace, both being wrought by Jean Le Normand,* the famous Paris jeweller.

"The King and his party having taken their seats at the open pavilion in the centre of the lists, which was surmounted by the royal arms, and all things being in readiness, the trumpets blew up the tucket-sonance, the

* He only came occasionally to England, residing in Rue Popincourt at Paris. He had a wart on the left side of his nose, and a club foot. He died suddenly while walking in the procession of the Fête Dieu, 1547, leaving four daughters and a son; but there is reason to believe that the latter was a natural child,—a question which has occasioned a long and angry controversy among our learned antiquaries.

warders gave the signal, the gates were thrown open, and Sir Gamelyn de Ravenspur, the challenger, caracoled into the lists, mounted on a seven-year-old dappled Flanders mare, with three white fetlocks and one brown, a white star upon her forehead in front, and a long black tail plaited with blue ribbon that hung down behind. The Knight's armour was black, to match the mare's tail; but the beaver and plackard were curiously graven in damaskeening of steel and silver by Cellini;* the cuirass, cuisses, and lamboys were set with gold bullion; while the back-piece, rest, and port were curiously dropped with red stars. On his basnet he carried the glove of the Lady Margaret, powdered with diamonds. His shield, which was divided by a chevron *gules*, and carried by

* Benvenuto Cellini was born in 1500, and died in 1570. For an account of his death, see his Life, translated by Dr. Nugent.

his squire, had the upper portion covered with the letter L, with the device of '*L est partout*,'—a compliment to the mistress of his affections, which seemed to give especial pleasure to the individual thus ingeniously typified. Upon the lower portion of the shield, in allusion to his antagonist Sir Lyon Falconer, whom he had thus challenged to deadly combat for having dared to calumniate the Lady Margaret, was painted the figure of a lion and a musical lyre without any motto; which was indeed little necessary, since the armorial emblem spoke plainly for itself: "Sir Lyon is a liar!"—a quaint and courteous invention that was much admired by all parties. Riding up to the royal pavilion, and lifting up his visor, Sir Gamelyn proclaimed Sir Lyon to be a foul, false, and disloyal Knight, who had spoken slanderous and disparaging words of the immaculate Lady Margaret Douglas; and, throwing down his gauntlet, challenged

him to support the same *à l'outrance*, according to the ancient laws of chivalry, and under the arbitrament of the most noble and puissant monarch King Henry the Eighth.

"With a loud and shrill defiance, the clarions now sounded the challenge, when the opposite portals of the barrier were thrown open, and Sir Lyon Falconer spurred hotly into the lists, bestriding a large Norman horse, of a flea-bitten grey colour, richly caparisoned, though it had but one ear, the other having been cut off in the battle of Calais March. Sir Lyon was accoutred in green armour, having the topal of the cuirass, the vambraces, the grand-gardes, the poldren, the cuisettes, and the flanchards parted with silver and azure; while the scaffron and cranet of his charger were emblazoned with white stars. On his shield was painted a falconer in green uniform cutting off a ra-

ven's spur; which double allusion to his own name, to that of his adversary, and to the doom which he hoped to wreak upon him with his sword, was held to be a singularly happy and pleasant device. The two combatants, having their beavers up, bowed twice to the King, and twice made a courteous obeisance to the ladies, when they took their places opposite to one another in the lists, with beavers closed, and lances in rest. The herald having cried with a loud voice, 'To harness and do battle!' the trumpets blew up, and the Knights, striking spurs to their horses, rushed towards each other with such violence, that Sir Lyon's lance at the first onset was broken asunder close to the vambrace, scattering around eleven splinters, one of which, nearly two inches in length, struck Sir Francis Bryan, one of the spectators, on the cheek, and had nearly deprived him of

his sole remaining eye.* Sir Gamelyn, like a true and gallant knight, disdaining to use any advantage over his antagonist, threw away his lance, and drew his sword: Sir Lyon did the same. And now the combat became close, furious, and incessant, their swords flashing in the air, or striking sparkles of fire from the fury of their blows, until they might almost have been taken for two of Vulcan's myrmidons hammering out the bickering thunderbolts of Jove. At length Sir Gamelyn, raising himself in the stirrups, struck his antagonist with such force upon the basnet-piece to which the barbet is charnelled,

* Sir Francis Bryan, one of the brightest ornaments of Henry's Court, lost one of his eyes at a tilting-match. (See Hall.) Several of his sonnets are inserted among the Earl of Surrey's. (See Dr. Nott.) He seems to have had an eye to his own interest, half-blind as he was, for he continually made little presents to the King, upon the profitable principle of "Do ut des."

that the visor fell, and Sir Lyon himself tumbled backwards from his horse; though he immediately recovered his legs, and seemed not to have sustained any serious injury. Such was the generosity of his adversary, that he quickly dismounted, raised his own visor so as to put himself upon a par with his opponent, and, amid the loud acclamations of the spectators, assailed him on foot. At the third onset, Sir Lyon was sorely wounded and stricken to the ground; when the victor, kneeling upon his prostrate body, and holding the point of his sword to his defenceless throat, called upon him to confess that he had falsely and foully slandered the Lady Margaret Douglas, or to prepare for instant death.

"So intense and thrilling was the interest pervading the whole assemblage, that all was hushed—not a whisper, not a breath was heard; all eyes, and more especially those of

Lady Margaret, were immovably riveted upon the Knights, and every ear was listening to catch the words of Sir Lyon, when the King, crossing his legs as he leaned complacently back on his chair, discovered a hole of no mean extent in the calf of his French hose.* Henry was naturally choleric; and

* The hose, sometimes reaching from the foot to the waist, like our tight pantaloons, must be carefully distinguished from the slops.—See Nares's Glossary; Wright's *Passions of the Mind*, Ed. 1601.; Strype's Memorials, and Strutt's Horda. In Ellis's Original Letters, Second Series, vol. ii. p. 307, will be found a deeply-interesting letter from Richard Onslow, dated February 1565, discussing the question whether it was lawful, without violating a recent proclamation, "to lyne a sloppe not cutte in panes wyth a lyning of cotton styched to the sloppe, over and besydes the lynnen lyning, and the other lyning straytt to the legg." This tailor's slip-slop should be carefully studied by all antiquaries, and has been advantageously consulted, as we are given to understand, by Professor Phillybeg, LL.D.

as at this period of his life he piqued himself upon the elegance and unimpeachable neatness of all his equipments, his wrath became so ungovernable that he started up, dashed the sceptre that he held to the ground, and exclaimed in hoarse accents, 'Ha! where is this slovenly knave, the groom of the wardrobe, who has sent me forth thus raggedly arrayed like a beggar or a scullion?—What, ho! where is he, I say? By my halidome! the varlet shall be trounced for this disloyal slovenry!'

"By the laws of the tournament, or battle of challenge, every combatant was obliged to desist the moment the King, or Judge of the Lists, threw down his truncheon; and as Sir Gamelyn conceived that Henry had done so

and A.S.S. who is about to favour the world with "A Complete History of Inexpressibles, from their first introduction down to the period of their discontinuance by the French Sans-culottes." 2 vols. 4to.

in order to save the life of the vanquished Knight, he arose from Sir Lyon's body, sheathed his sword, bowed obediently to the royal pavilion, or rather to the Lady Margaret, and withdrew from the ring, as did Sir Lyon Falconer shortly after by the assistance of his esquire. Another occurrence equally unexpected, sprang from this sudden anger of the King; who, not heeding in what direction he threw down the sceptre, had cast it forcibly upon the foot of Sir Humphrey Raynesford,* so as that it struck against a corn with which he was sore troubled. Snatching up the injured foot in his hand, Sir Hum-

* Not Humfrey Raynezford, Keeper of the King's private buck-hounds, but a knight of the same name, who lost the first joint of his little finger from having it shut into the door of the Pitcher-house on the King's birthday by Thomas Scassebrig, one of the servitors. The latter was certainly about to be married in September 1532.—See Household Book, p. 251.

phrey hopped away with a most rueful countenance, drawing in his breath hissingly, and then ejaculating in an impatient whisper, 'Confound the Sceptre!'—an expression which was little heeded at the moment, although it eventually cost him his life, as will be seen by the sequel of our story," &c. &c. &c.

From this brief specimen the young candidate for the honour of historical novel-writing will not only learn how much varied and important information may be compressed into a narrow compass, but will be called on to admire the original and happy construction of plot, which from an incident apparently so trifling as a hole in the royal hose enables the author to save the life of one of his characters at a most critical moment, and to sacrifice another whenever it may become convenient to do so. Every one has heard of the surgeon who having

procured the recently hung body of a malefactor for the purpose of dissection, and deposited it in his cellar, was astonished next morning at discovering that the wretched man had come to life again. Filled with dismay and surprise, he ran to consult a friend how he should act. "Keep the rascal where he is," was the reply, "and kill him when you want him!" Sir Humphrey Raynesford stands in exactly the same convenient predicament with the author, who, when he finds that the knight becomes *de trop*, has only to lay an information against him for exclaiming—"Confound the Sceptre!" and thus have him prosecuted for high treason, and incontinently executed: a process which may not only be made to illustrate the King's arbitrary and bloodthirsty disposition, but will furnish a trial and a public decapitation—two interesting scenes which, with a little management, may be extended

over half a volume. Thus may be learnt "what great events from small beginnings rise," and how easily a really skilful writer may deduce the whole fable of his novel from such apparently trivial and unpromising circumstances as a hole in a king's stocking and a corn upon a knight's toe.

As to the fashionable novels,—so termed upon the principle of lucus à non lucendo, because they are never written by real people of fashion,—they are so very simple in their construction, and so absolutely like one another, that it is quite unnecessary to offer a specimen of them. "None but themselves can be their parallel." Plot, character, and incident the young novel-writer need here give himself very little trouble to seek, as the main attraction of his book must consist in personality and scandal, thrown as much as possible into the form of a dialogue, one-half at least in bad French, the interlocutors be-

ing leading members of the peerage male and female, to the careful exclusion of all commoners, unless they have acquired the *entrée* into the first circles, or have obtained a decided notoriety of some sort, whether good or bad is of little consequence. The more illustrious the rank, and the more unimpeachable the character, of the individuals whom you select for detraction and abuse, the more will your book be relished; for it is such people alone that the envious and the demireps, who will constitute the mass of your readers, would wish to see brought down, if possible, to their own level. They will owe you little thanks for superfluously exposing those who by their actions stand already self-condemned. Libel and lampoon, therefore, none but the most deserving; for the smallest spot upon a character hitherto deemed immaculate will show with good effect: let your publisher, in his newspaper

paragraphs, pretend to regret the severity, while he admires the pointed wit and indisputable talent, of your strictures; let him add a list of the distinguished parties who figure upon your calumniating canvas, and your success cannot be for a moment doubted. It will of course be asserted with the utmost confidence that the book was written by a Duke or a Duchess, and that all the fashionable world who have not hitherto been able to obtain copies are dying to read it. *Cela va sans dire.* Indeed the whole routine of these "Almack's" novels is so perfectly well understood, that it is unnecessary to say another word upon the subject. Pass we on, therefore, to that large and popular class of works of fiction which addresses itself exclusively to those readers who delight in the intense—the tragic—the terrible.

Luxury and high civilization inevitably produce satiety and ennui. Palled, jaded,

and listless, the victims of rank and wealth, having utterly exhausted all pleasurable sensations, and being tormented by an insatiable desire for excitement, are glad to seek a refuge from listlessness, even in painful or revolting emotions. It was this craving and morbid appetite of the mind that drove the Roman gentry to the gladiatorial arena, just as it now impels the polite public of England to the printed arena of an "intensely interesting novel," where, if the combatants introduced do not destroy one another, and saturate the soil with blood, so as "to out-Tom-Thumb Tom-Thumb," it is absolutely indispensable that they should commit suicide, suffer death by a public execution, or be transported to Botany Bay, and so die upon the voyage. All belief in ghosts and goblins, dreams and omens, is now so utterly exploded, that this species of *diablerie* is laughed at even by school-girls; nay, our very nur-

sery children flout at the once-formidable bugaboo, and snap their fingers at Raw-head-and-bloody-bones. But, thank Heaven! we have still the good, real, substantial horrors of life left to us; and no writer need be at a loss either for plot, character, or incident who can procure an odd volume of the Newgate Calendar. Our Irish novelists, out of compliment probably to their own country, in which their scene is laid, have been most successful in accumulating horrors upon horror's head; nor can the young candidate who aspires to compete with them select any locality better adapted than the Emerald Isle to that style of writing which seems to seek its inspiration from the slaughter-house and the gibbet. For the instruction of the tyro in truculency we offer the following brief and hasty

SPECIMEN OF THE INTENSE.

MARY FLANIGAN AND TERENCE QUIN.

> And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
> Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!
>
> LEAR.

"IT was a beautiful evening of July, and never had the rich and romantic scenery that surrounds the city of Waterford presented itself to the raptured eye of the spectator with an aspect of more enchanting loveliness. As the sun, with the whole gorgeous pavilion of purple clouds amid which it was reposing, sank majestically down towards the horizon, its roseate beams seemed to linger upon the town, upon the calm glassy waters of the Suir and the motionless trees around, as if unwilling to tear themselves away and surrender up that glowing and Elysian scene to

the sombre influence of night. Not a wave rippled—not a leaf moved—not a sound was heard; it was a sabbath hour of universal rest and repose: almost might it have been thought that earth and sky had fallen asleep in their own commingled light, so deep, so thrilling, so awful was the breathless silence of the landscape. When he first caught a glimpse of its tranquil loveliness, on suddenly emerging from the grove, Terence trod softly, as if his foot-fall might awaken the slumbering valley; and his heart, under the holy influence of Nature, became filled with a solemn reverence. These delightful sensations were not less painfully than unexpectedly dispersed by the angry growling and barking of a dog, instantly followed by a loud scream, which seemed to scarify his ear, and almost to split his shuddering heart as he heard it. Rushing forwards to the little clump of trees whence the cry proceeded, he beheld a female

endeavouring to defend herself against the assaults of a small but fierce spaniel, which, by the blood upon her arm, seemed already to have wounded her. To reach the spot, to kick away the infuriated animal, to seize it by the tail, and hurl it howling into the adjacent river, was but the work of a moment; for native courage, animated by ardent love, concentrates time, and achieves apparent impossibilities. Terence Quin, our hero, was a short, athletic, ruddy youth: his leg, of which the calf was swelling and bulbous as the stone balustrade of a bridge, was generally encased in white cotton stockings; while his ankles were begirt with short black gaiters. He wore a velveteen jacket, a green neckcloth, carried a shilelagh under his left-arm, and his hat jauntily on one side, with a shamrock stuck in the band. Such a sentimental figure was not to be contemplated without emotion, even by the most impassive spectator; still

less by the beauteous Mary Flanigan, his present companion, who was not only grateful for her recent deliverance, but whose soul of flame and tremulously susceptible heart disposed her to receive instantaneously the deepest and most ineradicable impressions. The fountains of her young bosom were suddenly broken up,—an electrical spasm pervaded every fibre of her thrilling frame,—a new and delicious, yet soft and pensive pleasure diffused itself through all her faculties, and she timidly cast at Terence one of those glances which can only be condensed and conjured up by the magic of a first love, and which intelligibly expressed admiration without boldness, anxiety without cowardice, regard without forwardness, modesty without backwardness, and many other things without many other things.

"Nor was Terence less smitten and transfixed at the sight of Mary, whose beauty,

like that of the ruffled swan or shaken rose, was only rendered the more conspicuous by her agitation. For some moments, surprise and admiration utterly deprived him of speech, almost of his senses; and when he was at length about to address her, he was prevented by her uttering a cry of horror, and ejaculating with a shudder,—'Oh, Sir! your calf,—your beautiful calf!' Following the direction of her agonized eyes, he now for the first time perceived that the blood was trickling down his white cotton stocking, from a slight bite inflicted by the dog. 'It is nothing,—a mere trifle,' he exclaimed:—'but oh, Miss,—your thumb,—your inimitable thumb;—it bleeds!!'

"'It is only a scratch, and indeed I have been more frightened than hurt,' said Mary. 'I will return home to my mother, that she may staunch it with some lint, and make me a silken thumb-stall.'

"'Not a yard,—not a foot,—not an inch shall you stir,' cried Terence with impassioned energy; 'no, not for ten thousand thousand worlds and all that they contain, until I have bandaged that bleeding thumb.'

"Mary said nothing, but she looked unutterable things. A drop of her blood fell upon Terence's shoe. Had the world suddenly crumbled to atoms, after a red-hot rusty dagger had been sheathed in his heart, it could not have agonized him more: he tore his handkerchief from his pocket, gazed at it for a moment, and then exclaimed with a look of despair—

"'It cannot—must not—shall not be! This handkerchief'—

"'Oh! what of that handkerchief?' inquired Mary with a thrilling look.

"'It has not been changed since Saturday, and I have had a bad cold all the time. This grass-green cravat'—

"'Oh, save it,—save it for your calf!' murmured Mary.

"'Never, never; I care not for myself. But by Heaven! hence you stir not until it has enwrapped your thumb!'

"Wrenching the cravat from his throat, he bound it tenderly round her hand; and then, placing her still trembling arm within his own, accompanied her towards her dwelling. In that short walk, love, omnipotent love, effected a total metamorphosis in his whole moral system: his past existence faded away from his memory; a new heart, a new soul, seemed to be infused into him; and he was born again, as it were, into another world, in which he saw, heard, thought of, dreamt of, and wished for nothing but his adorable Mary Flanigan.

"Let other writers delight to introduce into their pages none but nobles and the favourites of fortune, whose vices too often degrade

them beneath the rank they occupy; be it our pleasanter task to pourtray those more deserving individuals whose virtues elevate them above their humble station. Terence Quin was in the last year of his apprenticeship to a respectable apothecary. Mary Flanigan was the eldest daughter of a cow-keeper and dairyman: her parents, who were poor, and had ten other children, would not listen to her marriage with Terence, not only because he was as poor as herself, but because she was beloved by Bryan O'Blarney, whose addresses she had indeed peremptorily rejected; but they were still in hopes of conquering her repugnance to a match which would prove so decidedly advantageous to the whole family should it ever take place. Possessing some property and influence, but not less lawless and dissolute in his habits than violent in his temper, O'Blarney was irritated to the last degree at a refusal,

which appeared to him little less than insulting, when he reflected that his ancestors, as all the world knew, had once been kings of Munster. Stern, moody, and revengeful, daring in the conception of his enterprises, prompt and remorseless in their execution, Bryan was the terror of the whole neighbourhood; for he was known to be leagued with the midnight marauders and outlaws who then infested the southern provinces of Ireland, and every one dreaded the enmity of a man who could summon numerous desperadoes to support him in his projects, however violent and sanguinary. He swore by St. Patrick, — an oath which he was never known to have violated,—that if Mary married his rival, he would wreak a swift and terrible vengeance upon both! This was dismal and alarming intelligence for the lovers. The enamoured and despairing Terence was driven to a state that bordered

upon distraction, his paroxysms assuming a singular and distressing idiosyncrasy from the nature of his professional pursuits. In the wanderings of his disturbed brain it seemed as if all the phials, bottles, and gallipots he had ever seen were collected within his head, smashing, dashing, slashing, crashing and thrashing one another. Cataplasms appeared to dance before his eyes, boluses to block up his ears, electuaries to plug up his nose, gargles to be for ever rattling in his throat; while, if he attempted to grope his way in the dark, his hands clutched the most nauseous compounds of the pharmacopœia. Hideous hallucination! Nor was the sensitive Mary in a less pitiable plight: her dishevelled locks floated wildly on the night breeze; pale and haggard were her features; her vacant eye attested the frightful bewilderment of her faculties; she sang unmeaning songs to the midnight moon, milked the

cows into her father's hat, although there was a hole in the crown; and fondly kissed the calf, saying it reminded her of her dear Terence's.—One only consolation was left to her. Norah, the sister of Bryan O'Blarney, and the oldest and best beloved friend she had in the world, would frequently visit her, offering her all the consolations that her mild and affectionate nature could suggest. Oh, how different was that gentle girl from her dark-souled and implacable brother! She was the only creature that possessed any influence over him; for he loved her as tenderly as his stern character would allow, and had often been won by her intercessions to spare his intended victim and forego the gratifications of his vengeance.

"Weary with gazing at the dark sky, Mary was about to retire to bed one stormy night, when her friend Norah rushed into the apartment, exclaiming in agitating accents—

"'O Mary Flanigan! dearest Mary! what will become of you and of Terence that has got such an elegant calf to his leg, and of my wicked and violent brother? Ah, sure now! won't he come some day to the gallows?—It's Bryan I mean, and not you, honey dear. He saw Terence walking with you this morning; he saw him kiss you, and having gone almost clean out of his wits with jealousy, he vows vengeance, and has sworn by St. Patrick never to taste whiskey till he has destroyed one or both of you!'

" 'Gracious Heaven! what will become of me? What is to be done?' asked Mary in faltering accents.

" 'Musha, dear, there is no danger for the night; for hasn't he gone down with a party of Rockites to destroy the farm at Kilraly, because the Mahoneys set it after receiving notice to the contrary from Captain Rock? Soon as I learned his intentions, I sent father

and mother down to Kilraly to warn them to quit the house, so that I trust there will be no murder committed. Oh, wirra! wirra! this desperate brother of mine is a worse torment to his family and friends than he is to his foes!'

"'Tell me, tell me, dear Norah, how shall we defend ourselves from his ungovernable rage?—how shall Terence be saved from his vengeance?'

"'Ah! Mary darling, there is but one method: for Bryan's sake—for mine—for Terence's—for your own, you must both fly from Waterford. Take this money; it will assist in conveying you to Dublin, where you can be married, and thus preserve your own lives, and perhaps at the same time that of my ungovernable brother. Ah! if he should murder you and Terence, and then be hung himself, what would become of the pensive Norah?'

"'Generous, generous girl! we will depart

by to-morrow's coach, and prevent these accumulated horrors. But you tremble—you turn pale—you are ill. Dearest Norah, your agitation and your hurried journey over the hill have been too much for you. Repose yourself awhile upon my bed, and I will watch beside you.'

"Overcome by her bodily exertions and mental disquietude, Norah got into her friend's bed, where she presently fell fast asleep, and Mary retired into an adjoining closet, from the window of which she might watch the uprising of the moon, apostrophize the planet Venus, and think of her approaching nuptials with the youth of her affections. Here she had not long remained, or at least the delicious nature of her reveries made the lapse of time imperceptible, when hearing as she thought the sound of a stealing footstep in the bed-room, she applied her eye to a chink in the closet-door. Heavens! what was her

amazement—her consternation—her agony, at seeing Bryan O'Blarney creeping on tip-toe towards the bed, holding a dark lantern in one hand and an unsheathed dagger in the other! The gleaming of the uplifted weapon,—the hideous light thrown upon the glaring eyes and ghastly rage-distorted features of Bryan, which too surely betrayed his murderous intention, had such a petrifying effect upon Mary, that she remained transfixed to the spot where she stood. The blood curdled in her veins—her eyes almost started from their sockets, as with bristling hair, half-open mouth, and a look of unutterable horror she gazed upon the midnight assassin. In vain did she try to move, in vain attempt to cry out; her feet were like those of a statue, her tongue cleaved to her mouth as if she were suffering under some hideous night-mare; while the low creaking of the murderer's shoes pierced through her

ears like a knife, and made her heart wither with the sound. He reached the bed, and grasped the dagger with a fiercer clutch, muttering between his clenched teeth — 'Mary Flanigan! Mary Flanigan! didn't I swear by Saint Patrick that you should never marry Terence Quin, and sure won't this prevent it?' With these words, he unwittingly plunged the dagger into the heart of his own hapless sister, the affectionately beloved Norah; and drawing out the reeking weapon, under the impression that he had destroyed his intended victim Mary, he continued, as he gazed upon it with a look of diabolical ecstasy—'Never shall this same be wiped till I have sheathed it in the heart of Terence Quin, and then I'll be happy; for I'll have done what I swore, as every good and pious man ought to do!'

"So saying, the wretched parricide slunk scowling from the house. Parricide have

we called him? Once! twice!! thrice!!! did he deserve the name, although, like Œdipus, he was not conscious of his crime. But who, when he has once commenced a guilty career, can guess the unforeseen enormities to which it may conduct him? We have stated that Mary had dispatched her father and mother to the farm at Kilraly, in order to apprise the inmates of her brother's violent intentions, and to urge their early flight as the sole means of preserving their lives. Alas! what is the forethought,—what are the precautions of mortals? This well-meant but most unfortunate measure, instead of saving the tenants of the farm, did but occasion the sacrifice of the ill-fated messengers. The aged couple, being received at Kilraly with that hospitality which invariably distinguishes the peasantry of Ireland, and which upon the present occasion was naturally called forth with a more than usual

cordiality, were persuaded to indulge in deeper potations of whiskey than the conjuncture warranted. While they were thus occupied, and before they were aware of their danger, their lawless son and his confederates, after having surrounded the farm, set fire to it in three places at once. Bryan had given orders that not a soul should be spared: to enforce which sanguinary mandate, he stationed himself at some distance from the front-door with a double-barrelled gun. Unable in the darkness of the night to distinguish individuals, his first bullet passed through his mother's heart; the second lodged in the centre of his father's brain! His relentless banditti completed the work of carnage: every human being belonging to the farm of Kilraly was butchered; the domestic animals were burnt with the house; and it was from this scene of blood and horror that the infuriate parricide, rushing to the house of

Mary Flanigan, had plunged his dagger into the heart of his only sister, the fond and gentle Norah!!!

"This unfortunate victim of his misdirected rage had expired almost immediately, uttering only one deep and dreadful groan, which fell upon the shuddering ear of Mary, without dispersing the bodily and mental paralysis by which she was enchained. There, at the chasm of the closet-door did she stand, her starting eye riveted upon the bed on which her friend lay murdered, and watching with a helpless horror the gradual discoloration of the clothes occasioned by the sanguine stream that issued from the wound. It oozed through the counterpane—it trickled drop by drop upon the floor—it formed a hideous pool beside the bed—it began to flow slowly towards the closet-door—it passed underneath it—it approached her feet! Had it been molten lava, Mary could not have felt

more horrified: worlds would she have given to have torn herself away, but all her powers were in abeyance;—she could not move. At length the revolting, the soul-sickening gore plashed against her foot—it passed through a hole in her shoe,—she felt her foot warm with the heart's blood of her friend! Nature could endure no more: the spasmodic agony of her soul restored her suspended functions; she gave a convulsive leap nearly to the cieling, uttered a terrific shriek that that made the whole neighbourhood shudder, and fell upon the blood-stained floor in violent hysterics.

"Her first thought, when she recovered her faculties, was the danger to which her dear Terence was exposed; in the hope of averting which, by procuring the arrest of Bryan O'Blarney, she gave immediate information of the murder she had witnessed. So daring an outrage, coupled with the atrocities com-

mitted at Kilraly Farm, stimulated the magistrates to vindicate the supremacy of the insulted law, and a party of soldiers were dispatched to secure O'Blarney in the hold to which he had retired amid the rocky fastnesses of a steep acclivity that overhung the river Suir. To this solitary and almost inaccessible cabin the wretched murderer had retired after his discovery of the triple parricide he had perpetrated, maddened, rather than smitten with compunction. To his perturbed faculties it seemed as if Fate, on purpose to overwhelm him, had been malignantly pushing him on to the commission of unintentional enormities; his indignant heart spurned at such oppression, and he steeled himself with a gloomy desperation against the destiny that awaited him, whatever it might be. Towards his fellow-creatures, and the world in general, his feelings, stung

into a morbid exacerbation, assumed an additional degree of ferocity; but when he reverted to the victims of his blind passion, his heart became at length intenerated, and remorse began to haunt him with a hideous phantasmagoria. If he looked upwards to the sky, he beheld an ensanguined firmament, through which, instead of a sun, his mother's bleeding heart held its appalling course, shedding scalding drops upon his head from the bullet wound his own hand had inflicted. If he gazed upon the earth, it seemed to be strewed, not with flowers, but with the still reeking and scattered brains of his father, whose skull rolled for ever before his eyes, pouring forth a tide of gore. Ocean presented to him the floating corpse of his beloved sister, the dagger still sticking in her bosom, and crimsoning the waters with the bubbling flood of life; and in the sound of winds,

waves, and trees he heard nothing but the shrieks, wailings, and maledictions of his murdered victims.

"Such was his frame of mind when the soldiers, climbing over rock, precipice, and cataract, approached the cliffy height upon which his cabin was perched. Bryan O'Blarney had never been a man to surrender without resistance; still less was he so disposed in his present paroxysm of hopelessness and fury. Seventeen of his assailants had already fallen victims to his double-barrelled gun, when he presented himself in front of his cabin, declaring that as his ammunition was exhausted he surrendered at discretion. Collecting themselves together, for all feared to approach him singly, the remainder of the soldiers rushed towards him, when he fired his pistol into a subterranean store of gunpowder that had been collected for the use of the rebels, and himself and his attackers

were instantly blown into the air. Immediately after the thunder of the explosion, there was heard from on high a sound of fiendish laughter:—it was the last triumph of O'Blarney. In another instant his dissevered limbs fell around, amid the scorched and mangled remains of the soldiery. Thus perished this wretched outlaw,—a man who, if he had devoted his powerful mind and dauntless energies to laudable and legal objects of ambition, might have become a useful member of society, and in all probability would have avoided the tragical fate which it has been our painful task to record.

"As our feelings affect us rather by their relative than their abstract proportions, both our pains and our pleasures depend materially upon contrast. This was eminently experienced by Mary and her lover, who, after such a rapid and frightful succession of tragical occurrences, were disposed to enjoy with a

double intensity of delight the blissful visions that now began to dawn auspiciously upon their career. With Bryan O'Blarney had passed away all their terrors and all the impediments to their union, which was now no longer opposed by the parents of Mary. It is true that the latter still grieved tenderly for the loss of her affectionate Norah; but she looked forward complacently to her union with Terence; and after having delayed the match for three weeks, out of respect to the memory of her friend, she did not any longer hesitate to consult the wishes of her lover by naming the wedding-day. The marriage was celebrated with the festivity always observed by the Irish upon these happy occasions. The friends assembled were numerous and jovial; the dinner provided was of the handsomest description. The health of the bride had been drunk with three times three, and Mary, whom we must now no longer call

Flanigan, but Quin, was about to lift the glass to her lips to give that of the guests, when she turned away from the liquid with unutterable loathing; a shudder agitated her whole frame; convulsive spasms affected all the muscles of her throat, as well as every feature of her face; she foamed at the mouth, and began to bark like a dog! Struck with indescribable dismay, her husband rushed to her assistance; but had no sooner felt her pulse, and marked the nature of the saliva round her mouth, than, aghast with horror, he struck his hand violently upon his forehead, exclaiming,—'Gracious Heaven! the spaniel from which I rescued her, after he had bitten her thumb, must have been mad! —Mary! my beloved Mary! is evidently attacked by hydrophobia!'

"Unutterable was the agony occasioned by the mention of this appalling word. All seemed suddenly dumb-founded and petrified:

none could move or speak, until Terence continued:—'Harrowing as it is, we must ascertain beyond all doubt the nature of her complaint.—Fetch me a basin of water.'

"This was accordingly done, and the bridegroom was reaching out his hand to receive it, when his arm suddenly fell shuddering and helpless by his side; he felt an indescribable loathing at the sight of the water, and all the terrible symptoms that we have described in the wife manifested themselves in the husband, with such an instantaneous and aggravated violence, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could exclaim in mournful accents—'Mercy upon me! I was bitten in the leg by the same dog, and I am myself attacked with hydrophobia! I am as mad as Mary;—I know it—I feel it—my brain 's on fire!—Away, away, with that accursed water! —Ha! do you still torture me with the sight

of it? Then have at thee, villain!—Bow, wow, wow!!!'

"At these words, the wretched maniac, seizing a carving-knife, and rushing upon the man who held the basin, pursued him with yells, screeches, barkings, and hideous distortions of face, that struck a panic terror into the whole assemblage. In a second all was flight, struggling, and confusion; in the midst of which, every one of the guests was fortunate enough to escape from the room without serious injury, when the door was locked and secured on the outside so as to prevent the egress of the raving bride and bridegroom. Never surely since the world began was a bridal so rapidly, so awfully, so frightfully terminated! Harrowing were the sounds that proceeded from that prison-chamber of phrenzy and horror. For some time the barkings and howlings were in-

cessant; presently missiles of every sort, plentifully furnished by the Lapithean banquet, flew crashing through the broken windows: anon, loud screams of agony announced that the frantic pair were attacking one another with knives, forks, dishes, benches, and decanters:—crashing of bones, and gnashing of teeth succeeded, gradually subsiding into groans and low moaning sighs, until every sound was hushed, and an ominous silence reigned within that chamber of terrific deeds!

"Not until the next day could the astounded neighbours gather courage to open the door and re-enter the apartment. Oh heavenly powers! what a spectacle was presented to their seared and blood-shot eyes! The paper swims before us—the pen drops from our hand—we can go no further.

"Sympathizing Reader! thou hast doubtless heard the pathetic tale of the two hun-

gry and hostile cats who, being locked up in a garret, attacked one another with such animosity that on the following morning nothing whatever was left of the combatants but a little bit of flue.

"This was nearly a parallel case; for nothing was discovered in the chamber but the nail of Mary's right-hand thumb and that of Terence's left-hand, both so much notched and torn that it was evident they had been engaged to the last in the work of mutual destruction and demolition.——Oh! Oh! Oh!

"P. S. We again reluctantly resume the pen to add, that the parents of Mary, upon learning her unhappy fate, swallowed oxalic acid, of which they both died after great and lingering agonies!"

THE SANCTUARY.

I.

In Israel was many a refuge city,
Whereto the blameless homicide might flee,
And claim protection, sustenance, and pity,
Safe from the blood avenger's enmity,
Until the law's acquittal sent him thence,
Free from offence.

II.

Round old cathedral, abbey-church, and palace,
Did we ourselves a sanctuary draw
Where no stern creditor could glut his malice,
And even criminals might brave the law;
For judge nor justice in that charter'd verge
Their rights could urge.

III.

These times are gone: felons and knavish debtors
May mourn the change, but who bewails their case?
For why should God and King be made abettors
Of guilt and fraud, the champions of the base?
Never may such a desecration stain
Our land again!

IV.

But all are not divested of their charter:
One refuge still is left for human woes.
Victim of care! or persecution's martyr!
Who seek'st a sure asylum from thy foes,
Learn that the holiest, safest, purest, best,
Is man's own breast!

V.

There is a solemn Sanctuary founded
By God himself; not for transgressors meant;
But that the man opprest, the spirit-wounded,
And all beneath the world's injustice bent,
Might turn from outward wrong, turmoil, and din,
To peace within.

VI.

Each bosom is a temple:—when its altar,
The living heart, is unprofaned and pure,
Its verge is hallow'd; none need fear or falter
Who thither fly;—it is an ark secure,
Winning, above a world o'erwhelmed with wrath,
Its peaceful path.

VII.

O Bower of Bliss! O Sanctuary holy!
Terrestrial antepast of heavenly joy!
Never, oh! never, may misdeed or folly
My claim to thy beatitudes destroy!
Still may I keep this Paradise unlost,
Where'er I 'm tost.

VIII.

E'en in the flesh, the spirit disembodied,
Uncheck'd by time and space, may soar elate,
In silent awe to commune with the Godhead,—
Or the Millenium reign anticipate,
When Earth shall be all sanctity and love,
Like Heaven above.

IX.

How sweet to turn from anguish, guilt, and madness,
From scenes where strife and tumult never cease,
To that Elysian world of bosom'd gladness,
Where all is silence, charity, and peace;
And sheltered from the storm, the soul may rest
On its own nest!

X.

When, spleenful as the sensitive Mimosa,
We shrink from winter's touch and Nature's gloom,
There may we conjure up a Vallombrosa,
Where groves and bowers in summer beauty bloom,
And the heart dances in the sunny glade
Fancy has made.

XI.

But, would we dedicate to nobler uses,
This bosom Sanctuary, let us there
Hallow our hearts from all the world's abuses;
While high and charitable thoughts and prayer,
May teach us gratitude to God, combined
With love of kind.

XII.

Reader! this is no lay unfelt and hollow
But, prompted by the happy, grateful heart
Of one who, having humbly tried to follow
The path he counsels, would to thee impart
The love and holy quiet which have blest
His own calm breast.

HATEM TAI:

AN ARABIAN TALE.

AN Arabian Tale! Positively I cannot relate it unless I have Arabian listeners; and to become such, my auditors must all sit cross-legged, and in a circle; which is as indispensable to my proper inspiration, as was the tripod to that of the ancient Pythoness. One cross-legged personage I must have, at all events, to prevent my imagination from

flagging; and, as there is no tailor at hand, thou, gentle Reader, must submit to the operation. There! that attitude will do perfectly well; your chair looks like an ottoman; you yourself have the aspect of a Turk; and, as far as exteriors go, there is nothing farther to be desired of either. But have you prepared your mind, most accommodating Reader, as well as your body? Have you laid in a stock of the genuine Arabian, blind, unenquiring credulity. Somebody said of Louis XIV. "qu'il avoit la foi du charbonnier." Your's must be as implicit and omnivorous. I will have no uplifting of hands, no enlarging of eyes,—not one of Mr. Fudge Burchell's exclamations. If you cannot, upon the present pinch, suppose the flat ceiling of the room in which you are reading to be the pointed top of a tent, and yonder draperied window to be the opening in its front, commanding an extensive view over the

great wilderness of Paran, it will be of no use to listen to me.—Look! yonder are the camels kneeling down at the wells; and hark! what a pleasant cooling sound it is to hear them sucking up the water with their parched mouths! Ha! the men are quarrelling at the farther well; all struggling to be first to fill their skins and leathern bottles. Lo! daggers are gleaming in the air! it cannot be helped; the sand round about the margin of the water is generally stained with blood. Well, let them fight, we will begin our story, for this clashing of steel will soon be over.—But what is it to be? Shall it be one of the tales of Lokman the fabulist, the kinsman of Job, who lived to the time of David?—or of Sandabar, who died only one hundred years before Christ? Shall I recount to you the marvellous history of Solomon's magical ring, or divulge some of the secrets he learnt by knowing the language of birds; or conjure

up before you the dwarf spirit, little in stature, but tremendous in power, who dwells in the dark bowels of the earth, beneath the great pyramid?

You are aware, of course, that, according to the Arabian creed, a bird, called Manoh, issues from the brain of every dead person, and haunts his sepulchre, uttering lamentable screams, and divulging to the ears of the initiated all the secrets and the crimes of the defunct. Shall I reveal some of these dread mysteries? No, "this eternal blazon must not be to ears of flesh and blood." I will tell you instead the story of Hatem Tai, the greatest warrior and the keenest hunter that ever drew a sword or wound a horn in Arabia.

Hatem Tai had gone down into the wilderness with his horses, hounds, and a party of friends, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase; but he had no sooner pitched his tents than

one of those thick mists which sometimes spread themselves over the sultry plains of the Desert, giving it the appearance of an extended lake, surrounded him on all sides, and utterly prevented his stirring forth to seek the sport he had anticipated. To beguile the tedious time, he sipped coffee every half-hour, arranged his turban fifty different ways in the mirror of his bright Damascus scymetar, went to the back of the tent to pat his favourite barb, or conversed with his friend Shafay Ben Idris as they both reclined upon cushions bewailing the unlucky chance that consigned them to such an unwelcome inactivity. "It is always lamentable to lose time," said the grave and sententious Shafay; "for man is but the phantom of a night; life is a sleep of threescore and ten years. Death bids us wake and hail the light; wherefore we do well to term the burial-ground the

house of the living. The little insect that flutters but an hour—

"Talking of little insects," interposed Hatem Tai, "yonder comes the diminutive Hassan Alasady: when I see his little feet running obsequiously after his long beard, methinks I see a father followed by his son. Perchance he cherishes his beard in hopes of hiding himself behind it; but I must not let him hear me, for, little as he is, Hassan is fierce and choleric."

"But his anger is short-lived," said Shafay; "it is like one of our Arabian rivulets, no sooner doth it wax warm, than it vanisheth away and is forgotten. It is not thus with the overflowing tide of his benevolence, which, even when it ceases, leaves its benignant effects behind, as the verdure of the plains attests the influence of the Nile long after its stream has ceased to be visible.

Since life is so short, why should our angry passions——"

"I could listen to you for the whole remainder of the afternoon," cried Hatem Tai; "but, hark! hist! methought I caught the more welcome baying of a hound." His keen ear was not mistaken; for suddenly the whole welkin echoed with the noise of bugles, the tramp of horses, the baying of dogs, and the gallant cheers and halloos of huntsmen, all sounding as if they were rushing past the skirts of the encampment. At this moment his own courser neighed loudly and impatiently, and his deep-mouthed dogs howled and raved as if they would break their chains in their eagerness to join the chase. "Follow me, Shafay!" cried Hatem Tai; "I will join these bold hunters, even though the mist should prevent my seeing beyond my horse's ears." So saying, he grasped his bow, with the finger-stalls and the ring for drawing it,

vaulted upon his steed, and in an instant was hidden by the white fog, into the midst of which he galloped.

As he plunged rapidly forward, the same jocund cries and sounds continually accompanied him; they seemed to be close to his ear, and yet he could see neither horses nor dogs, neither hunters nor bugle-blowers,—a circumstance at which he wondered the more, because as he advanced he could perceive that the Desert whirlwind had arisen, and immense columns of sand, whirling round and round upon their own axes, rushed forward out of the white mist, the setting sun shining through some of them, and throwing a lurid glare upon others which were still partially shrouded in the vapour. Nothing could be more ominous, ghastly, and terrific than the appearance of these spectral monsters, now advancing, and now receding, with a frightful impetuosity: some wrapped in a winding-

sheet of mist, from which only their heads emerged; others, kindled by the bright ray, showing like pillars of fire; not coming, however, as did that which was sent to guide and to save the Israelites, but more like avenging angels commissioned to whelm and to destroy. They seemed to say, "We are the giant guardians of the Desert: invade not our precincts, or you die!" In the midst of these appalling apparitions, the noise, cheers, and cries of the gallant hunt continued unabated; and as Hatem Tai could distinguish no living creature, he began to imagine that he himself was the object of the chase, and that these menacing columns were the spirits of the Desert pursuing him to hunt him down. His fleet barb seemed to form the same conclusion: he snorted; he panted; his dilated eyes flashed; his wide, sanguine nostril seemed to be on fire; the madness of fear inspired him with a preternatural vigour; he galloped forward

until the sun disappeared and the rising moon placed a crown of silver upon the head of every sand-born phantom as it still swept fiercely on. Black darkness quickly succeeded: the moon was buried in clouds; the tempest increased; and though Hatem Tai could not distinguish a single object, he could sometimes feel these moving masses of sand rushing past him with a tremendous roar, and threatening by their wind alone to overthrow both him and his horse. Still the ungovernable steed galloped furiously and blindly on; but after a while the sound of his footsteps was no longer heard: his rider could still feel himself to be in rapid motion; but he seemed to be passing through a new and different element, and he now heard the perpetual flapping of wings. As the shrill echoing of bugles and the cry of dogs and men still rang in his ears, he had nothing to do but to cling the faster to his barb, and to

wait patiently for the day-break, which, he trusted, would reveal to him the meaning of the mysterious chase in which he bore so perilous a part.

Who shall describe the amazement and the consternation of Hatem Tai, when, as the morning dawned, he found himself moving rapidly through the dizzy sky upon a winged steed, the dim, round earth floating in space far, far beneath him, its ocean gleaming like a small mirror in the first rays of sunrise, and the rest of the globe wearing the semblance of an insignificant opaque mass? Nimrod, the Orion of the Assyrians, the Gibbor Tzid, the great hunter, who loved Hatem because, like himself, he was devoted to the pleasures of the chase, had, in a frolic, mounted him upon Pegasus, and rapt him up into the sky, to show him a day's sport in the Empyrean. As soon as he saw that there was sufficient light, and that Hatem Tai was

in a condition to follow the game, Nimrod snatched the horn of Amalthea, and blew so lusty a blast that the blue vault echoed the shrill clarion from pole to pole, and the stars and constellations started from their spheres at the summons. Hercules and Perseus, Bacchus and the Centaur, Andromeda and the Charioteer, were quickly by the side of Nimrod; the greater and the lesser Dog broke with fierce bayings from their stations, and the timid Hare was seen scudding from the sound. But the celestial hunters disdained such ignoble game: they would chase nothing less than the Dragon and the Great Bear. As they rushed like meteors through the sky with this intention, Cassiopeia sate up in her chair to gaze at them; Lyra saluted them as they passed with a hunting-tune upon her harp; the Eagle flew screaming after them; the Bull and the Lion fled from the zodiac in terror; but the Virgin, the Waterman,

and the Archer, gladly joined in the chase; and Hatem Tai, who now felt secure of his seat, began to enjoy the sport, as he beheld all the various monsters rushing and roaring athwart the interminable fields of the sky.

But a much more magnificent spectacle awaited him, as he was borne with the speed of lightning into the illimitable depths of space. The glorious and stupendous machinery of the universe became gradually developed to his awe-stricken eyes. Planets and their satellites, moving majestically in their spheres, performed their mysterious and unerring evolutions around the sun, in obedience to the fiat of the Mighty Invisible, who sate enthroned, "far in the unapparent," guiding the innumerable worlds that He had launched from His hand. Utterly lost in the immensity of the wonders displayed before him, Hatem Tai could contemplate at once the whole moving scheme of the creation, and

catch at times the delicious harmony of the spheres, now pealing around him in solemn and sonorous grandeur, and anon dying away into a symphonious melody, so ravishingly sweet, so dulcet and mellifluous, that, notwithstanding his ardour in the chase, he would have checked his courser, that his ears might still drink in a portion of that intoxicating music. But the winged animal pressed forward with unabated speed, sometimes bearing his rider so close to floating worlds of which he knew not the name, that he could not only distinguish their seas and mountains, but even the palaces and temples of the inhabitants. His delight at this sublime chase was however quickly converted into apprehension as they approached the orbit of a blazing comet, which, while it irradiated the circumjacent fields of space with a flood of light, threatened by its intolerable heat to scorch up the whole field of sportsmen if

they presumptuously held on their career. The Dragon they were pursuing, scared by the dazzling effulgence, darted towards another quarter of the heavens; and Hatem Tai, the velocity of whose progress remained undiminished, found that the clamour of the chase, the noise of horses, hounds, and trumpets, gradually died away, while, one by one, the sportsmen became invisible, until he could no longer hear a sound nor discern a single moving object, and he now discovered that he was enveloped in the same thick mist which had surrounded him when he first started. Too keen a lover of the sport to relish the idea of being thrown out, he would have checked his horse that he might endeavour to rejoin his late companions; but the impetuous steed only rushed the faster through the increasing denseness of the mist, until at length he alighted upon some solid substance, with a shock that threw his rider

to the ground. Upon recovering his senses, for he had been stunned by the fall, Hatem Tai found himself lying in his own tent, with Shafay Ben Idris by his side, who instantly began to moralize upon the danger of riding wild horses, especially if they have any run-away tendencies: a sermonizing strain which he pursued with equal gravity and tediousness, until he observed that the person he was addressing, fatigued with his long and perilous chase, gave no other reply to his admonitions than occasionally by a long and heavy snore.

AN EASY REMEDY.

An honest tailor, whose baptismal
And patronymic appellations
Were William Button, had a dismal
Tendency to deep potations,

And though, as he was over-mated,
Like Jerry Sneak, our snip was fated,
In spite of all his hungry heavings,
To drink the tea and coffee-leavings,
And eat fat mutton-flaps at dinner;
Yet sometimes the rebellious sinner,
Asserting his marital rights,
Would, on the wages-paying nights,
Betake him to the public-house,
To smoke, and tipple, and carouse;
And as with each new dram and sip he
Still more and more pot-valiant grew,
At last he fairly braved his spouse,
Call'd her a vixen and a shrew,
A Jezabel and a Xantippe!

Returning home one night, our varlet,
Bold with his wife-compelling liquor,
Rattled the knocker quick and quicker,
When with fierce eye and face of scarlet
His tender spouse appeared, and shrilly
Vented reproaches on her Willy.
"So, jackanapes, you 're come at last!
No doubt the evening has been past

In tippling purl, you drunken sot,
Mull'd ale and amber, hot and hot;
While your poor wife is left to slave,
And drink cold water from the can,—
Cold water, ye remorseless knave!" —

"Cold!" cried the husband, who began
In turn to wrangle and to storm it,—
"Cold! ye poor lazy slattern, cold!
Then why, ye good-for-nothing scold,
Why don't you warm it?"

MR. MARK HIGGINBOTHAM'S CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

What is thy name?—
Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.—MACBETH.

I BELIEVE I may confidently appeal to the whole circle of our acquaintance, whether both myself and my wife were not universally

respected as Mr. and Mrs. Mark Somers, of Bentinck-street and Englefield-green, at both of which residences our parties, though not numerous, were fashionable and select; and our dinners, though rare, quite as profuse of plate and French wines as was consistent with our income. Indeed I have reason to think they were rather more so, for we were generally condemned to a fast after a feast, often denying ourselves permanent comforts for the sake of an occasional luxury. However, we were as happy as two people could be who were doomed to support existence on little better than two thousand a-year; and so we might have continued, but that my wife's uncle, Mr. Timothy Higginbotham of Hoxton, a great manufacturer of bricks, chose to convert himself into clay for the benefit of future brickmakers, leaving the whole of his immense fortune to his only relative, Mrs. Mark Somers. A great misfor-

tune truly! methinks I hear the reader exclaim. Alas! it proved so to me, for it was vitiated and tainted with one condition which poisoned all the happiness it might have otherwise conferred, namely, that I should take and wear the abhorred name of Higginbotham! I had ever been squeamish, fastidious, fantastical about names, the more so as I had always considered my own particularly euphonous and genteel; and to be robbed of it thus unexpectedly, and made the nominal representative of a vile Hoxton dealer in argillaceous parallelograms—the thought was intolerable. Too well was I aware that all our friends and acquaintance would revenge themselves for our accession of fortune by an unmerciful raillery and interminable quizzing of its hideous appendage. Already did the odious appellation hiss in mine ears by day, and haunt them in my dreams. The faces of my friends danced before my imagi-

nation so completely mantled over and flickering with ridicule, that there was not room to stick a single pin in them without transfixing some cursed jibe or jeer, some latent irony, or open and malicious snigger. I shall be told that this was a preposterous source of misery; perhaps so, but still it was and is one; and others have been plunged into as deep an affliction by causes apparently more trivial. "Would any one believe," says the learned Walderstein in his Diary, "that I have been often wretched, because for the last twenty years I have never been able to sneeze three times together?" How cheerfully would I consent never to sneeze again for the whole remainder of my life, if I could only disburthen myself of this miserable, mean, and degrading *sobriquet!*

So humiliating and insupportable did it appear to me, that I seriously proposed to my wife an abandonment of the legacy upon

such grievous terms, extolling our present happiness, and urging the sufficiency of our means for all rational gratifications; but she laughed at my arguments, and was inexorable to my most pathetic entreaties. "'Twill be but a nine days' wonder," she exclaimed, "and we must brazen the thing out as well as we can, consoling ourselves with the pleasures of a substance, for any temporary pains that may be inflicted by a mere name. What's in a name? as Shakspeare says. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."—"Ay, and a great deal sweeter," I replied, "if any other could be substituted for this unfortunate one of Higgin——botham," I would have said, but that ominous "Amen stuck in my throat."—"Besides," continued I, "does not Shakspeare elsewhere assert that 'he who filches from me my good name,' makes me poor indeed?"—"Well then, my dear," replied my wife, "Shak-

speare tells a story, for you have been made rich, not poor, by the process."—"Rich in worldly things," I resumed, with a sigh, "but cognominally I am impoverished, degraded, sunk deeper than plummet ever sounded. Were it a fair name, I could submit; but this is a nickname, a byword, a reproach. Give a dog an ill name, says the proverb, and hang him. Never dog had a worse than mine, and I feel already as if I were hung up aloft for the finger of scorn to be wagged at, and condemned to stand in the pillory of my own appellation, as the wretch Hig—— No, I cannot pronounce it. 'Take any name but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble.' Would I could be 'a man again,' and look the world boldly in the face with the happy baptismal and patronymic appellations which I once possessed! If the horrid and unfeeling old brickmaker had only left me half his fortune, upon condition of

taking half his name, I might have been happy, whichever moiety he had inflicted upon me. The latter portion indeed might have subjected me to a ludicrous perversion of the testator's meaning, as I am of somewhat Grenvillian structure (being distantly related to the Temples); but still it would have been infinitely better than the compound calamity under which I am now suffering."

For some time I attempted (it was rather an unmanly expedient, I must confess) to make a compromise with my ignominy, by writing letters and describing myself to tradesmen and others as the late Mr. Mark Somers; but this was falling from Scylla to Charybdis, for it presently got rumoured that I was dead, and Partridge himself was never exposed to more annoyances than I drew down upon my devoted head by this incautious mode of expression. Like that celebrated living defunct, I actually encoun-

tered a respectable man in black, standing upon my drawing-room table, who told me he was come from the undertaker to measure the walls for mourning hangings, and asked directions about the coffin and the funeral; while the clergyman, the sexton, and half a dozen more, came gently to the door with tristful visages, and were not to be persuaded, without considerable difficulty, that I was still alive as Mr. Higginbotham, though unfortunately extinct as Mr. Mark Somers.

Shortly after this occurrence, while standing in my hall, I heard the postman knock and inquire whether there was any servant in the house named Higginbotham, as he had got a letter so directed. Well might the fellow imagine that no master of an establishment, no decent personage in fact, could own so base and vulgar an appellation. This heightened my disgust at the atrocious conduct of the old brickmaker, and at that very

instant a fat wretch came to solicit some assistance, who Higginbothamed me at every other word of a long tale of distress, and concluded by saying she had formerly worked as char-woman "for Mrs. Higginbotham as is." Revolting as the word had always appeared when applied to myself, it seemed ten times more hideous when visited upon so genteel a woman as my wife. I believe I actually shed a tear as I turned away, not at the fat woman's story, (for I hated the foul-mouthed hussey,) but at my own, in being obliged to submit tamely to the insult of hearing such a four-syllable defilement applied to my wife.

Nevertheless, it became necessary to bear my fate like a man, to face the world boldly with my unutterable name, and run the gauntlet of public ridicule, however pointed and provoking. We accordingly engaged ourselves to one of Lady S——'s immense

routs in Arlington-street, whither I betook myself with as much alacrity as a criminal to the scaffold, or a lamb to the slaughterhouse. As there was no recording angel to let fall a tear upon the word as I gave it in, and blot it out for ever, the servant at the door announced me with a half suppressed titter, and the lackey on the landing-place, converting my Christian name into a verb of the imperative mood, repeated it after the following fashion: —"Mr. and Mrs.—(mark!)—and then spitefully shouted out at the top of his voice the soul-harrowing and hated "Higginbotham!" Never shall I forget the nudging of elbows and giggling of saucy faces as they vulgarly gazed after me; nor the blank astonishment, sudden stare, and polite though insolent simper of the company in the drawing-room upon hearing such a name announced in such an assemblage. Anxious to show that I was still somebody, I bustled up to two or three

acquaintance whom I recognised in the throng, but they seemed eager to disclaim all connexion with any such hideous and awfully plebeian sound, and ensconced themselves behind impenetrable masses of visitants. My guilty conscience suggested to me that I was as much shunned as Peter Schlemihl when he had lost his shadow, and I felt proportionably irritated against what I conceived to be the arrogance and impertinence of the company. At this critical moment, when I was just ready to boil over, a heavy man placed his heel upon my corn, and in that agony of mental and bodily suffering being prepared to convert every thing into an intentional insult, I turned upon him, exclaiming fiercely as I fumbled for a card, "Sir, my name is Higginbotham."—"My dear Sir," replied the gentleman, with a polite bow and a provoking calmness, "I have not the smallest doubt it is; you look as if it were."

Heavens! what an indignity! not only to be *de facto*, a real, live, *bonâ fide* Higginbotham, but to be told that I looked like one!

However fastidious, and even morbid, might have been my feelings at the assumption of my present degrading appellation, my mortification was rendered more acute by the apprehension that the fortune which it brought me would be speedily dissipated, and that I should live to bear the brand of my hateful and ridiculous name without retaining any portion of the wealth which could alone reconcile me to its infliction. Had my wife's deceased uncle poured his gold into the pitchers of the Belides, it could not more fluently have leaked away. She has imbibed the unfortunate notion that we must dazzle and outblaze the keen eye of ridicule by our magnificence, and draw down the uplifted finger of scorn by the weight of our purses; as if we could propitiate envy by

supplying it with fresh food, or blunt the shafts of malice by encasing ourselves in golden armour. "My dear," I exclaimed, "this is only attempting to smother a fire with gunpowder. Fine trappings do but emblazon deformity, and the sun himself, splendid as he is, cannot prevent mortals from prying into the spots upon his disk. We had much better be modest and appropriate, humble ourselves down to our name, pocket our money with the indignity it brings us, and henceforward be 'content to dwell in decencies for ever.'" "Heavens!" ejaculated my spouse with a horrent look, "to what would it reduce us—this notion of an establishment that should be adapted to our cognominal circumstances!" To some 'Higginbotham House,' in Brunswick or Mecklenburgh Square, with one window beside the door, and two upwards; with a narrow slip of drawing-room, which, by its double

fireplace and disproportionate folding-door, would fain persuade you it is capable of being subdivided into two; and a steep narrow staircase, sadly circumscribing the exploded and civic gallantry of your guests, as each pseudo-gentleman escorted a fat lady upon his arm to the twelve-feet-square dining room. Here would your door be opened for you in the morning by your sole undersized servant in a sky-blue livery with a silver shoulder-knot; you would step into your pea-green gig with brass harness, to be conveyed every morning to St. Mary Axe; and be received on your return to your five o'clock dinner by a pale-faced wife with a red nose, a bushel of scarlet and yellow flowers in her straggling self-adjusted locks, her vulgarly fine clothes being all cut out by herself, and nearly as ill-made as the maker; who would pour sauce made of salt butter *over* your fish, and inquire whether she

should help you to *broccilo* with your mutton. Such is your *beau ideal* of 'suiting the action to the word.' No, no, my dear Mark, I cannot, thank Heaven, bring myself down to my name, and we must, therefore, adopt the pleasanter alternative of elevating the name by the taste and splendour of the establishment to which it will be appended."

Having found by experience that the only way to be complete master of my own house is to resign its entire management to my wife, I gave her a *carte blanche* for the decoration of our new mansion in Grosvenor-square; and as the upholsterer probably knew that I had a deep purse and a shallow wit, (which I disguised under the veil of a goodnatured generosity in the settlement of accounts,) I hold him responsible for the over-gorgeousness of the gildings, the gaudy magnificence of the hangings, the ponderous finery of the furniture, and all the gew-gaw flaring osten-

tation of rose-wood overlaid with buhl, and sattin-wood bedizened with *or-molu*. As for the designs, the forms, the taste—these my wife as eagerly claimed for herself as if any rational being would have been disposed to contest her right. I know not what demon whispered her to have a taste, unless it might be some genius of the menagerie. But that I pay so much more for admission into their company, I could almost fancy myself, as I parade my splendid rooms, to be perambulating amid the wild beasts of a menagerie; and I mournfully anticipate the ridicule as well as the impoverishment of Pope's Sir Visto. The crest of the Somers family, which I still retain, is a bear rampant, which ferocious figure presents itself to my eye in such threatening variety that I live in perpetual dread of the fate inflicted by his living prototype of the *Jardin des Plantes* upon the unfortunate Parisian who came within his

gripe. If I lounge in my arm-chair, two uplifted paws are ready to plunge their talons in the calf of each leg, while an open mouth, snarling with sharp carnivorous teeth, gapes upwards to catch my overhanging hand. Sofas, consoles, commodes, ottomans, and chiffoniers, all bristle with the same revolting ornament in such various modifications of size and material, that if Mr. Martin could carry his bill, and extend it to those who are baited by this animal, as well as to those who bait it, I seriously apprehend my tormentors would be punishable by law. But this is by no means the only monster with which I am haunted. Sprawling dragons seem to be hissing at me from each end of the curtain-pole; gorgons and chimæras gnash their teeth at me from the arabesque compartments of the papered wall; I am actually obliged to sit down upon the griffins and hippogrifs of the furniture with which my chairs are

covered, and there is not a handle in the house which does not represent some hideous form, and make me shudder and revolt as it touches my fingers. "The rich buffet well coloured serpents grace;" the everlasting bear offers itself to my hand from every article of the china dinner-service; a grinning salamander forms the very appropriate termination of the shovel, poker, and tongs; I am obliged to grasp every silver tankard by a twisted snake, as if I could handle them with as much impunity as one of the Libyan Psylli; every time I lift my wine-coolers I thrust my fingers into a satyr's jaws; and, as if the heads of these various monsters were not enough, there is scarcely an article in the house, from the drawing-room table to the foot-stool, which is not supported by the protruding paws of a wild beast, or the claws of some enormous bird.

But there are classical nuisances about my

mansion, which sicken me at my meals by their still more disgusting associations. An Argyll pours me out hot gravy from the entrails of a silver mermaid; I have a great regard for the god Pan, but I like not to have my beer, which I am still vulgar enough to drink, vomited from his open jaws; and though I reverence the character of a Naiad, it irketh me to see her eject from her silvery mouth the cream which I am just about to swallow. In the ardour of her astronomical taste, it pleased my spouse to have the signs of the zodiac painted upon our dinner plates, so that I have the pleasant notion of always having a crab and a scorpion in my dish, while I smear irreverent lobster sauce over the celestial fishes, cut the throat of the ram and bull with my truculent knife, stick my fork into the left eye of Aquarius or the right one of Sagittarius, and daub with half-cold fat the features of the smiling virgin or the

interesting twins; and if I retire to my dressing-room to purify my hands after this wanton butchery, I am again sickened with a marble shell, into which, as Pope has somewhat coarsely expressed it,

"Two gaping tritons spew to wash your face."

Even at tea-time I am not unmolested. A kneeling Atlas supports the hissing urn upon his naked shoulders, exciting my commiseration by the notion that he must be suffering the torture of this scalding infliction at the same moment that my little boy Alfred is tickling the sole of his outstretched bronze foot, and wondering that he cannot make him laugh. In ringing the bell to have this painful object removed, I must once more clutch at a circular serpent devouring his own tail; nor can I knock at my own street-door without raising a Medusa's head, horrent with snakes, and striking against the frontal bone

of a minotaur, who seems to be roaring at me as I rap.

It will be thought that I am either singularly unfortunate in my establishment, or marvellously disposed to be querulous, when I state that these annoyances, irritating as they are to a man of my nervous temperament, are by no means the most intolerable of those that I am doomed to experience. Fashion has been pleased to decree that our drawing-rooms shall be overlaid, and littered, and lumbered with every species of trumpery rubbish known by the name of nick-nacks and curiosities; and my wife has been pleased to decree that her own apartments shall in this respect stand perfectly unrivalled. For the good of my fellow-creatures I sincerely hope that they are so, for I would not wantonly inflict upon others the daily martyrdom which I myself experience. I fear, however, that there are too many victims to this mania,

for the great increase of "curiosity shops," as they are technically called, of which I believe there are a dozen in Regent-street and the Quadrant alone, affords a fearful evidence that our superfluous wealth is taking this childish and fantastic direction. From the wild beasts with which they were studded, I used to compare my rooms to Noah's Ark; but methinks they now rather wear the semblance of a broker's in Moorfields, or a Brobdignaggian baby-house, or a cosmopolitan lumber-room, where all the uncouth, grotesque and barbarous crinkum-crankums, gew-gaws and toys, that have been cast away as worse than worthless, have been diligently collected to form a miserable museum. Of such wretched varieties, scarce because but few people have been fools enough to manufacture them, my wife is an eager and everlasting purchaser. Ebony stands and Japan tables of all calibres are loaded with sonorous

gongs, shells, Chinese shoes, glass-cases of humming birds and butterflies, huge China jars and bowls, and Lilliputian tea-cups (all equally invaluable because all equally useless), Mandarins nodding their heads at me as if in mockery, tun-bellied idols, bits of lapis lazuli and malachite, jasper and soapstone, and geological specimens arranged in frames by Mr. Mawe, and figures of biscuit and alabaster, and little boxes of French bonbons, and every thing, in short, that can be either named or imagined, provided always that it be neither useful nor ornamental. Conceive the horror of a stout gentleman like myself being obliged to move edgeways through my own rooms, in momentary apprehension of occasioning a smash of porcelain, and knowing by sad experience that my wife is by no means "Mistress of herself though China fall." O how have I been

taunted and twitted with my *gaucherie*, as I attempted to squeeze my unwieldly figure through the straits and defiles of this bazaar; and with what sorry jokes have I attempted to retaliate the attacks to which I was exposed! "Do take care, Mr. Higginbotham; you are rubbing against that beautiful bowl." "Those who play at bowls, my dear, must expect rubbers." "If you knock down that China Joss, I shall never be able to buy another so cheap." "There you are mistaken, my dear, for after a fall you always buy things cheaper"—(By the by, I admire at her calling such a bauble cheap, for I remember the auctioneer of Pall Mall exclaiming as his hammer fell—"unly twainty-four guineas and a *haif*.") "Good gracious! Mr. Higginbotham, one would really think you were tipsy; you will certainly knock down that Mazarine cup." "And how can I do better,

if I have had a cup too much?" Miserable jokes, but how could they be otherwise when the utterer was kept in a state of perpetual misery?

Nor have my guests and visitors less reason to complain than the unfortunate wight who is thus baited and beleaguered in his own house. My friend, Admiral Binnacle, whose wooden leg describes a horizontal parabola of some extent, lately tipped down a japan table covered with a whole wilderness of china monkeys; and though my wife really bore the calamity with firmness, the worthy Admiral, who naturally concluded they were invaluable because they were both frightful and useless, was proportionably affected by the catastrophe, asking me, however, in a parting whisper, whether I felt authorised to set steel-traps and spring-guns in such a public thoroughfare. Old Lady Dotterel's poodle,

on the very following day, jumping upon a cabinet to snap at a plumpudding-stone, made frightful havoc, shivering to atoms a china shepherd in pink tiffany ineffables, blue silk stockings, a gilt-edged cocked hat, a yellow satin waistcoat, and a flowered jacket, who from an arbour of green and silver foil looked tenderly out upon a couple of tinsel sheep with golden hoofs, forming altogether, as my wife had often maintained, the sweetest and most natural scene of the pastoral she had ever witnessed. And what was more provoking than all, the four-footed author of the mischief, having ensconced himself behind a nest of glass-cases, and threatening to run a muck if he were maltreated, was obliged to be coaxed out of his sanctuary with a large piece of pound-cake, which the unfeeling brute seemed to consider a very satisfactory set off against the plumpudding stone.

Scarcely a day elapses but I hear a smash, a slap, and a squall, when the angry exclamation of "Mischievous little monkey!" or "Careless little hussey!" convinces me that either Alfred or Matilda has thrown down some worthless invaluable in threading this Cretan labyrinth. From squabbles with visitors and children, I am only relieved by perpetual altercations with the servants, who are so frequently accused of purloining, breaking, or misplacing some of our troublesome trumpery, that I am constantly presented with sulky looks and new faces. Forlorn as is the hope, I actually look forward with pleasure to the time when, my means becoming exhausted, sooner than my wife's rage for collection, my museum must come to the hammer, like those of Fonthill, Wanstead, and so many others; and in the mean time, I live under the conviction,

that one of the most pitiable objects in creation is the husband of a curiosity-collecting wife, and the keeper of an amateur bazaar.

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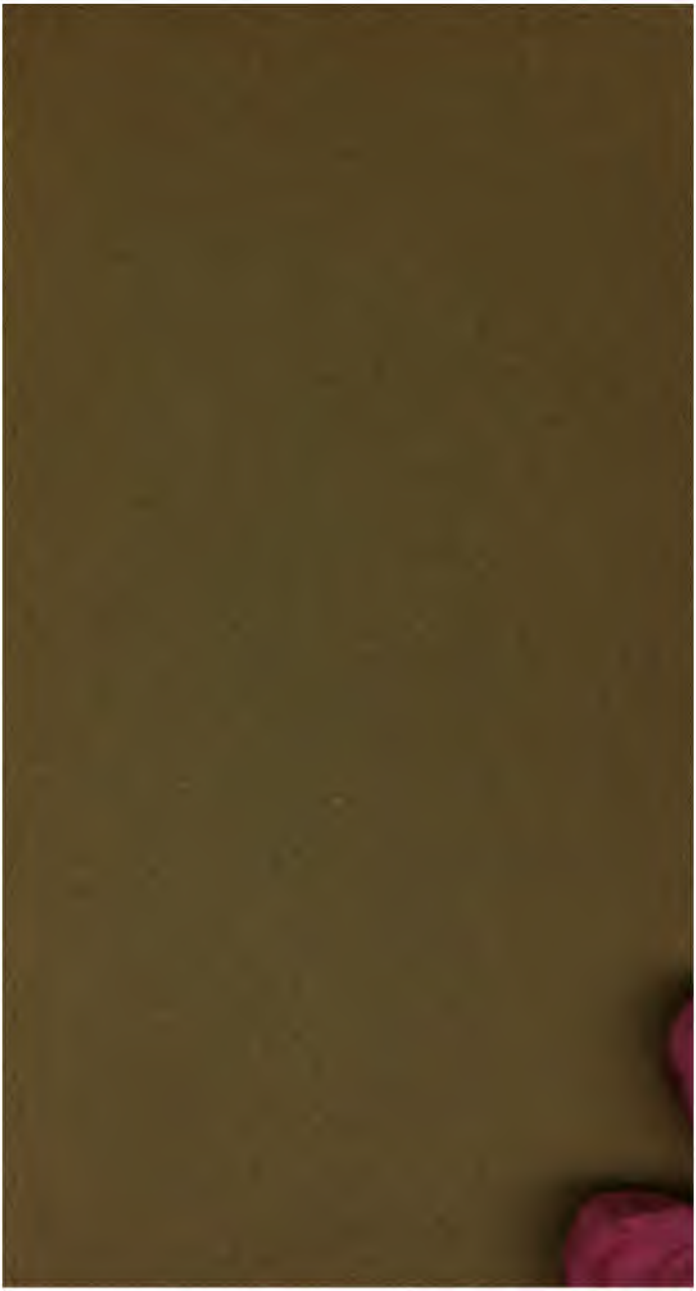

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